

Per (see 36)

SCREENLAND

★
ICC

December

15¢

DONALD O'CONNOR
and his Best Girl—
Exclusive!

Untold Stories of
FRANK SINATRA



NOV 13 1943



WHAT A GAL IS
Alice
FAYE

**HAIL!
HAIL!**



SOUND THE ALARM MEN
FOR *Carmen*
MIRANDA



LAUGH YOUR FILL
WITH *Phil*
BAKER



LET YOUR CHEERS RING
FOR THE KING OF SWING
Benny
GOODMAN
and his Orchestra

**The
Gang's
All Here**
in Technicolor!

The
Musical
Wonder
Show of
the Year!

with
Eugene PALLETTE · Charlotte GREENWOOD
Edward Everett HORTON · Tony DE MARCO

Directed by **BUSBY BERKELEY** · Produced by **WILLIAM LE BARON**

Screen Play by Walter Bullock · Based on a Story by Nancy Winter, George Root, Jr. and Tom Bridges

WHAT A GANG
OF SONG HITS!
"The Polka Dot Polka"
"No Love, No Nathin"
"A Journey To A Star"
"Paducah"
"The Lady In The Tutti
Frutti Hat"
"You Discover You're
in New York"
"Minnie's In The Money"
"Silent Senorita"
by Leo Robin
and Harry Warren

*Watch
for this great hit
from*

20th CENTURY-FOX
MAKERS OF MUSICAL MIRACLES—
AND OF THESE GREAT COMING HITS

Richard Tregaskis' **"GUADALCANAL DIARY"**

ORSON WELLES · JOAN FONTAINE in Charlotte Bronte's **"JANE EYRE"**

Franz Werfel's **"THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"** introducing **JENNIFER JONES**

BETTY GRABLE · JOE E. BROWN · MARTHA RAYE in **"PIN-UP GIRL"** in Technicolor

WENDELL WILLKIE'S epochal **"ONE WORLD"**

The sweeping powerful **"WILSON"**

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

the world applauds
a lovely smile!



Life can be brighter when your smile is right. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

BE LIGHT-HEARTED, Plain Girl—and smile! The best things in life don't always go to the girl who is prettiest. You can be a winner. You can find fun—and romance too, *if your smile is right!*

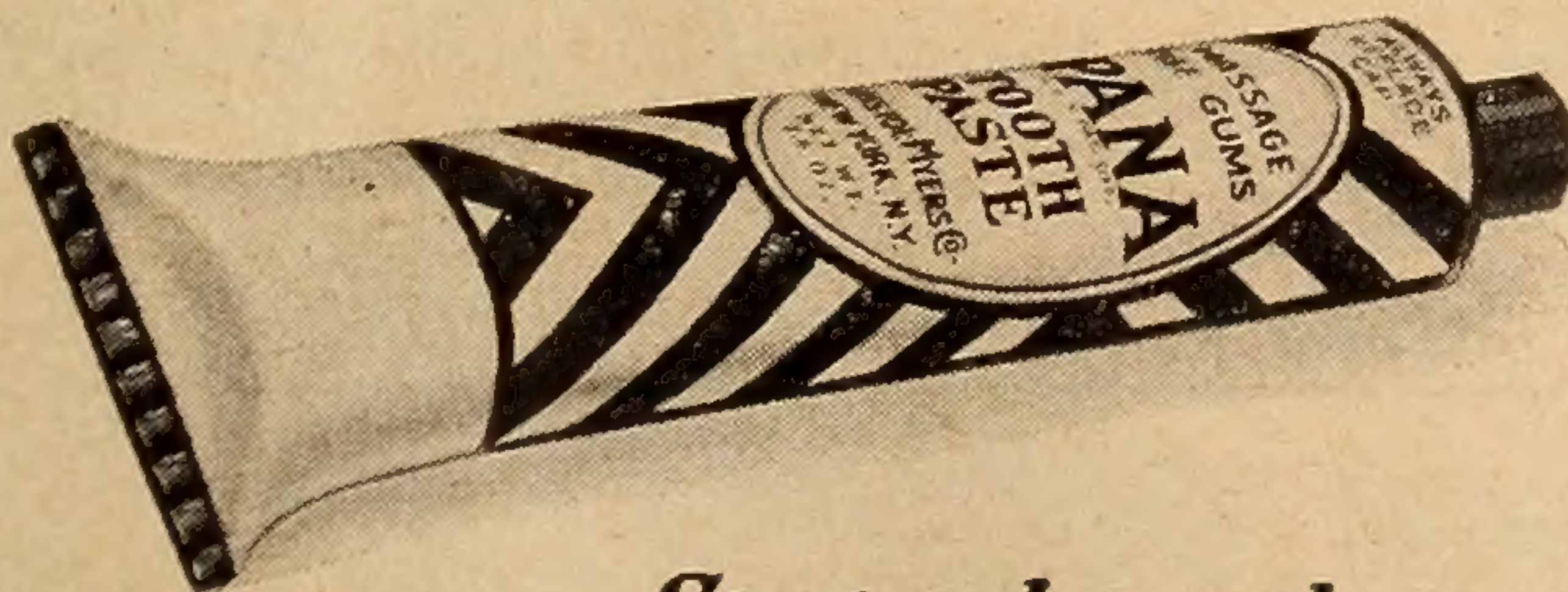
So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a hesitant smile, timid and self-conscious—but a warm, flashing smile that makes heads

turn, hearts beat faster. But remember, a smile like that depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they've been denied natural exercise by today's soft foods. And, as so many dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, is designed to aid the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE



She's sitting pretty—the girl with the bright, flashing smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile sparkling!

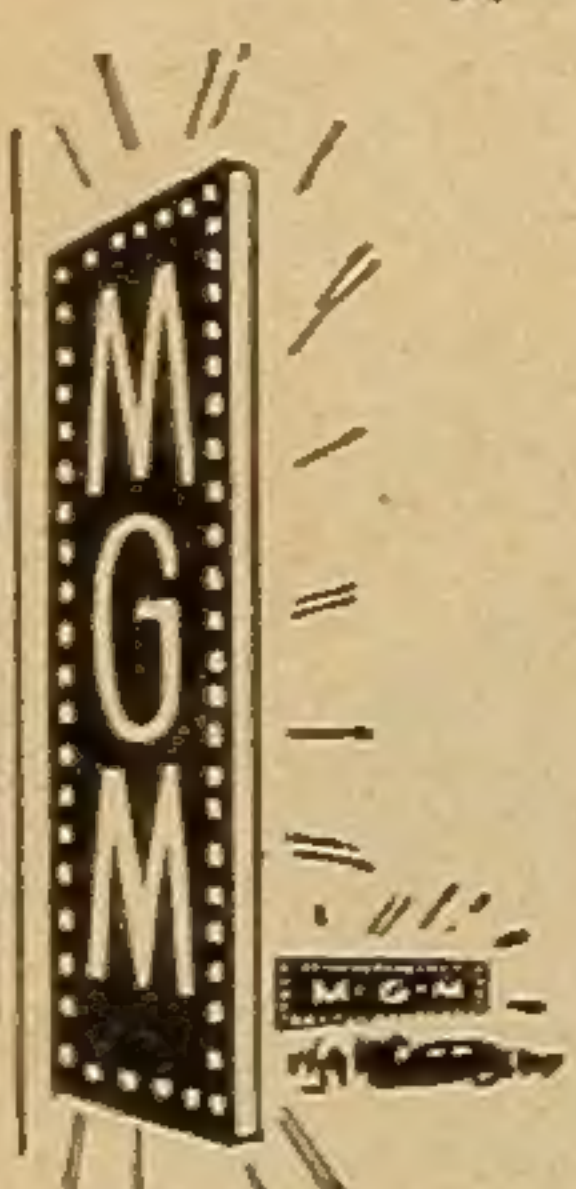
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Whether or not you care about that hick town called New York, those of you who are show-minded will appreciate the amazing demonstration of public interest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures that's taking place.



The main stem, the white way, the hardened artery or whatever you dub the crossroads of the world boasts several first run motion picture theatres. And with only a few exceptions each theatre is playing an M-G-M attraction.

At the Astor—the de luxe long run house—they're still playing M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" which has everything that is anything. More stars than there are in heaven.

At the Radio City Music Hall, they're playing "Lassie Come Home"—Eric Knight's remarkable story filmed in technicolor with a perfect cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester.

At the Capitol—at the moment of going to press—they're still talking about the run of the gay and tuneful "Du Barry Was A Lady". At the Globe they're finishing the nth week of "Salute To The Marines". At the State they've just ended "Swing Shift Maisie" and at the Rialto, "Hitler's Madman". At the Paramount they're playing the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell-Jimmy Dorsey musical comedy "I Dood It".

So you see it was a legitimate celebration they held, changing the name of Broadway to M-G-M Way.

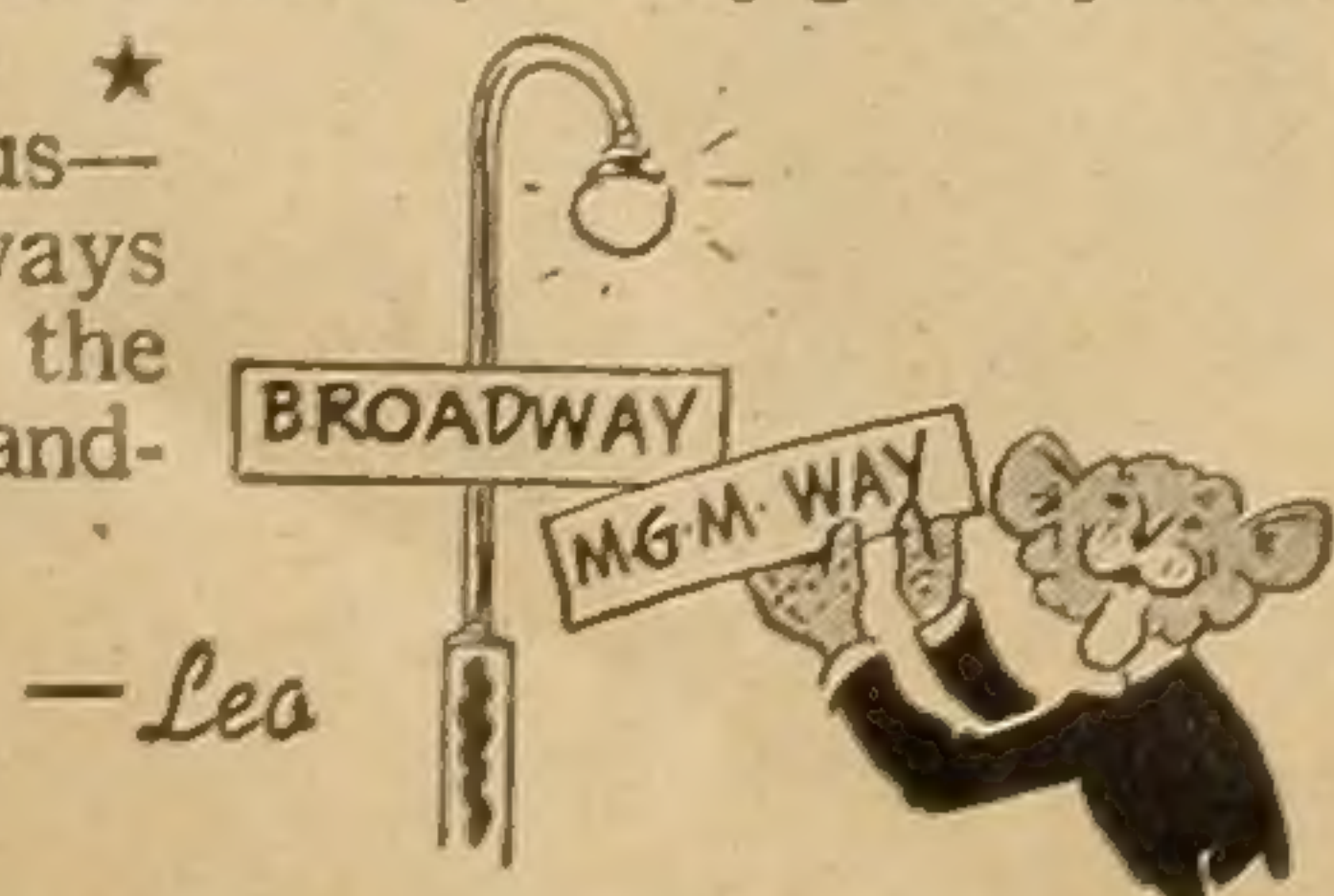
With the attractions coming, every Main Street in America will go M-G-M—which is the way they should go.



"Girl Crazy" is about to tread the boards—or rather grace the screens—of all the best theatres. We think you'll go for this one also.

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do their stuff in a way that is delicious, delightful and de-lovely. They got rhythm.

As for us—we've always been on the M-G-M bandwagon.



—Lea

SCREENLAND

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

HOMER ROCKWELL, Executive Vice President

ELIZABETH WILSON,
Western Representative

MARION MARTONE,
Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL,
Art Director

ANTHONY FERRARA,
Asst. Art Director



December, 1943

Vol. XLVIII, No. 2

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page	Delight Evans	19
Captain Gable, "Grim and Gay"	Hettie Grimstead	22
With Bob Hope in Britain		23
The Case of the Missing Star. Maureen O'Hara	Eleanor Harris	24
Donald O'Connor and His Best Girl	Elizabeth Wilson	26
Confessions of a Career Girl. Julie Bishop	Maude Cheatham	28
Untold Stories of Frank Sinatra	Liza	30
Mae West and the Man Shortage	May Mann	33
Ration Your Love In Wartime, says Bonita Granville		34
Schedule for Tomorrow. Carole Landis	Elizabeth B. Petersen	36
Get Hep to Van. Van Johnson	Liza	39
Everybody's Gracie. Gracie Fields	Jack Holland	40
How to be Happy 'Tho Rationed	Barbara Best	42
Squire Coburn of Hollywood. Charles Coburn	John Franchey	44

FULL COLOR PORTRAITS:

Robert Taylor, whose final film for the duration is M-G-M's "Song of Russia"	20
Mae West, who returns to the screen in the Columbia picture, "Tropicana"	32
Olivia de Havilland and Sonny Tufts, appearing in RKO's "Government Girl"	38

PICTURE PAGES: So Long Bob! (Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor); Ames to Please! (Ramsey Ames); Susan At The Shipyards (Susan Hayward); "Battle Of The Sexes" (Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Gig Young); Glamor vs. Realism (Anne Baxter, Farley Granger); "Gabby" Hayes Gets A Break (Gabby Hayes, John Wayne, Martha Scott); New Gal, New Guy (Barbara Bel Geddes, Tony Devlin); Adrian Designs for Deanna Durbin (Fashions).

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood	6
Streamlined Living. Johnny Mack Brown	Betty Boone 8
Your Guide to Current Films	Selected by Delight Evans 10
Fans' Forum	12
A Permanent Rules the Waves	Josephine Felts 16
Here's Hollywood	
Candid photos by Jean Duval—Gossip by Weston East	56
Honor Page	59
Guide to Glamor	72

Cover Portrait of LARAIN DAY

Paul Hunter, President
Homer Rockwell, Executive Vice President and Advertising Manager
Lee Wagner, Circulation Manager

SCREENLAND. Published monthly by Hunter Publications, Inc., at 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: 205 E. 42nd St., New York; 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 427 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions \$2.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.50 in Canada; foreign \$3.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1943 by Hunter Publications, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

MAN TRAPPING SECRETS of a WASHINGTON SECRETARY



An Ounce of
Ability is
worth more
than a pound
of glamour!

A gal
shouldn't
take unfair
advantage
of her
nylons!

Even if I
had the
chance I
wouldn't
worry till
after the war!

It's okay to
adore your boss!
But Love
is Out!

HONEST
Girls!

The hilarious
"hush-hush"
on how to
beat the
manpower
shortage!



The romantic adventures of a
Big-Shot's Girl Friday...and her
Nothing-But-Business Boss...in
the war-time town where a "date"
is scarcer than tenderloin steak!



Olivia de Havilland
in **GOVERNMENT GIRL**

WITH

Sonny Tufts

AND ANNE SHIRLEY • JESS BARKER

JAMES DUNN • PAUL STEWART • AGNES MOOREHEAD • HARRY DAVENPORT • UNA O'CONNOR • SIG RUMAN

Produced, Directed and Screen Play by **DUDLEY NICHOLS**

From a Story by Adela Rogers St. John

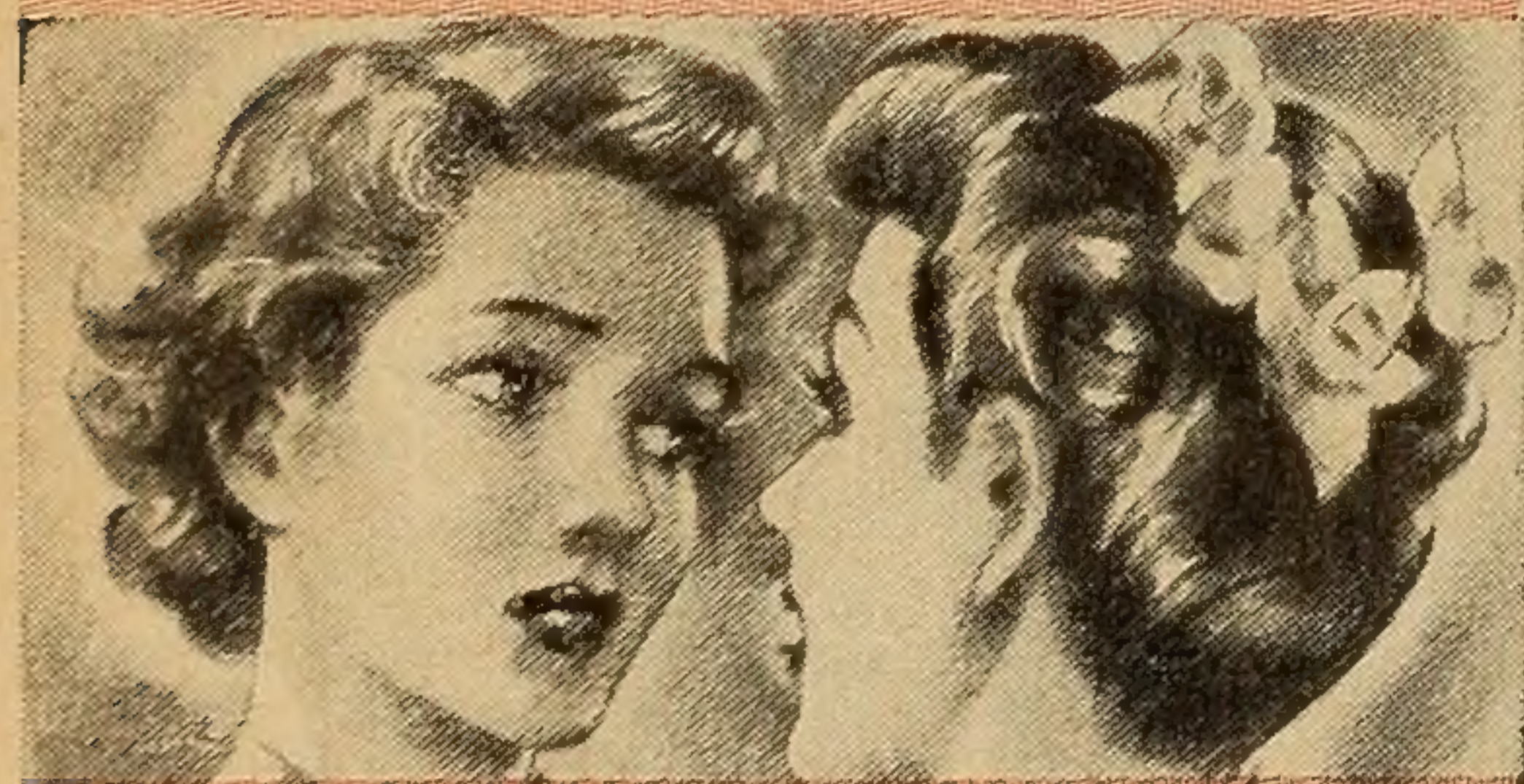




*Wondering how to
win His Heart?*

LOVELY HAIR WILL DO ITS PART

If your man is hard to capture,
And his eyes keep wand'ring round,
Here's a helpful "guide to glamour,"
(Lovely girls have found it sound)



Men love hair that's bright and shining,
Dancing highlights catch their eye,
If *your* hair is dull and mousy
Sweet romance may pass you by.

Let Colorinse come to the rescue,
Use it after each shampoo,
Colorinse adds richer color,
Lustrous sheen and highlights, too.



Try Colorinse and you'll discover
Glamorous hair makes glances
linger,
You'll thank us for this "guide to
glamour"
As he slips his ring upon your finger

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK FOR
A NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE.

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
At beauty counters
everywhere.



Two of Hollywood's top gag-
sters put their heads together:
Bing Crosby and Bob Benchley,
at a Command Performance
broadcast to our servicemen.

HOT

from
HOLLYWOOD

IF YOU THINK there isn't a man
shortage in Hollywood, get a load of
this. Joel McCrea was offered a con-
tract that would pay him nearly two
million dollars over a certain period of
years. And Joel turned it down! He
didn't need the money—most of which
he couldn't keep anyway. He wants to
do war work. And third, and so typical
of the McCrea honesty, he felt the
offer was being made because they were
desperate. So he wasn't even flattered!

HE'D be the last one to admit it,
but Errol Flynn is quite the senti-
mentalist down underneath that exterior
of bravado. He still has little to say
about his son Saen (*pronounced Shawn*)
but that doesn't mean he doesn't care.
Under the glass top of his dressing table
at home are various snapshots of Saen.
He's a handsome blond youngster, in-
heriting the best features of both his
famous father and mother.

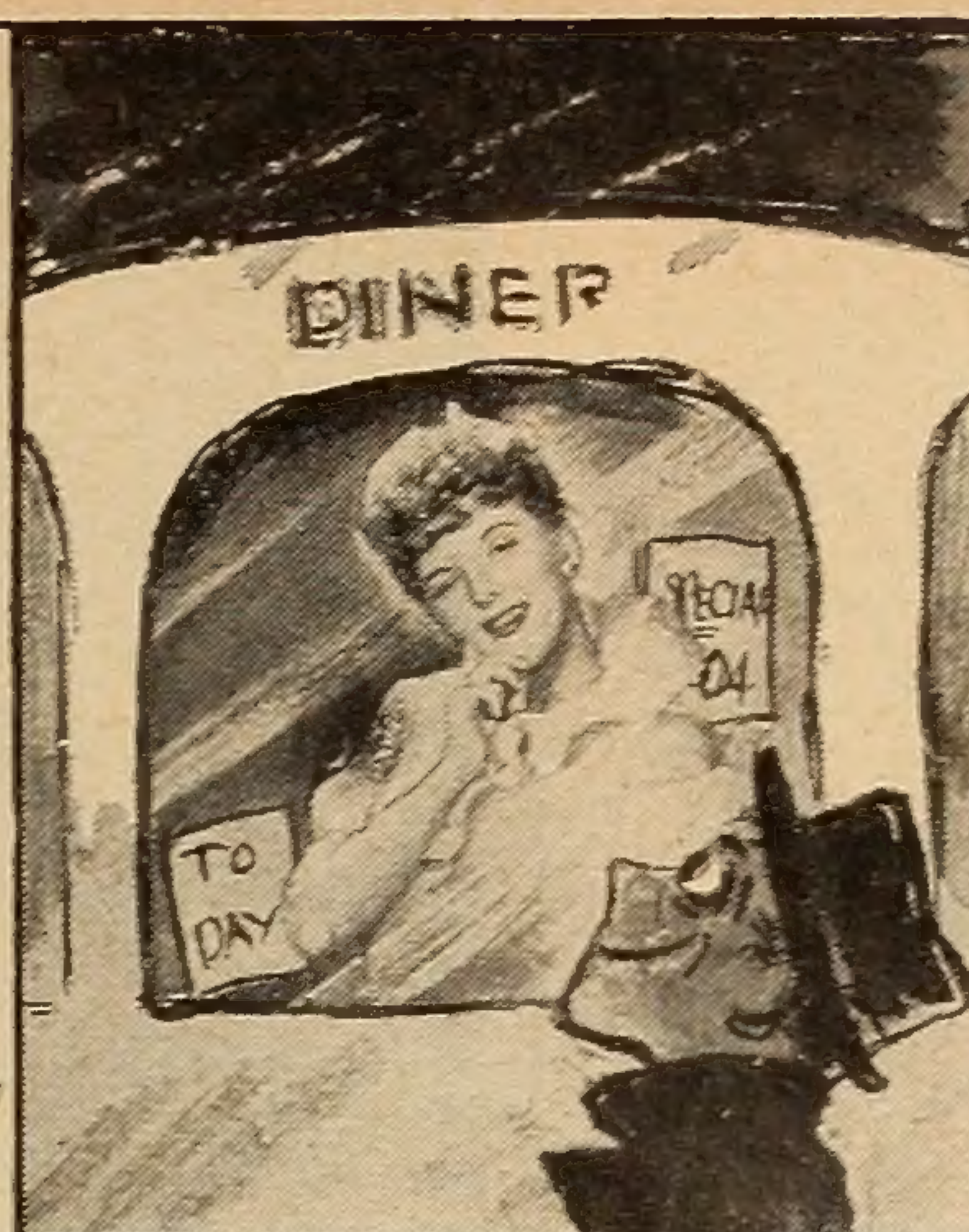
KATHARINE HEPBURN is going to
play *Jade*, the Chinese heroine of
"Dragon Seed." Her makeup job is ter-
rific. Native Chinese may be a bit
startled when they hear her. But let's
not forget that the Austrian Paul Hen-
reid played the Irish curate in "Devo-
tion" (*life of the Bronte sisters*) and
got away with it.



Meet Mrs. Jack Carson! Pretty wife of the
comedian is the former Kaye St. Germaine.
They are shown attending a recent premièr.



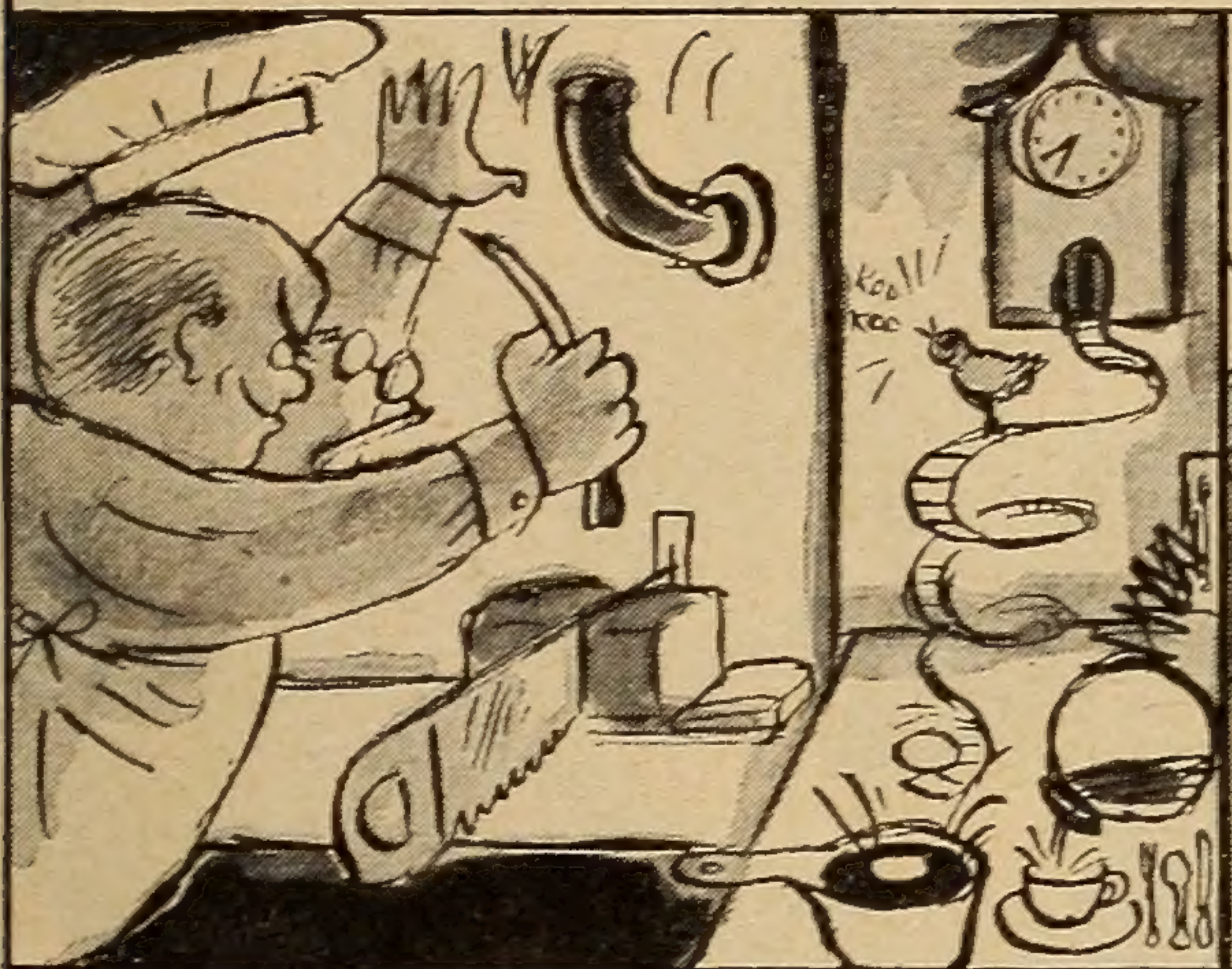
"HERE'S ONE OF THE
10 FUNNIEST FILMS
OF ALL TIME.
IT'S
"TRUE TO LIFE"
AND TWICE AS FUNNY"
SAYS
MELISSE



It all starts when Dick disguises himself as a poor guy to get true-to-life material for his and Franchot's Sudsy Suds radio program.



It's love at first bite when he meets Mary in her diner. She takes him in as an on-the-cuff boarder.



Her scrappy family is a riot—particularly Pop Victor Moore's handy household inventions including the disappearing bologna and the spiral staircase eggs—



And the kid sister who gets herself up as a grown-up to go on the make for Dick—



And every night Dick phones in a blow-by-blow report of the family feuds—and a kiss-by-kiss report of his romance with Mary—and Franchot puts it on the air!



Tone falls in love with his unseen radio heroine and puts on the dog—the wolf!—to chisel in on his pal's romance, while Dick still has to make like he's out of a job!



Dick even stages a phony air raid alarm to keep the folks from hearing themselves on the air—



But when Pop joins the plot to broadcast Mary's big three-way love scene—comes the pay-off, comes fireworks, comes a hep-py comedy you'll roar at.

Paramount's **"TRUE TO LIFE"** Starring
Mary MARTIN • Franchot TONE • Dick POWELL • Victor MOORE
with Mabel Paige • William Demarest • Directed by George Marshall

Hear these tunes by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer • "The Old Music Master" • "Mister Pollyanna" • "There She Was"
Screen Play by Don Hartman and Harry Tugend

COPYRIGHT PARAMOUNT PICTURES INC. 1943

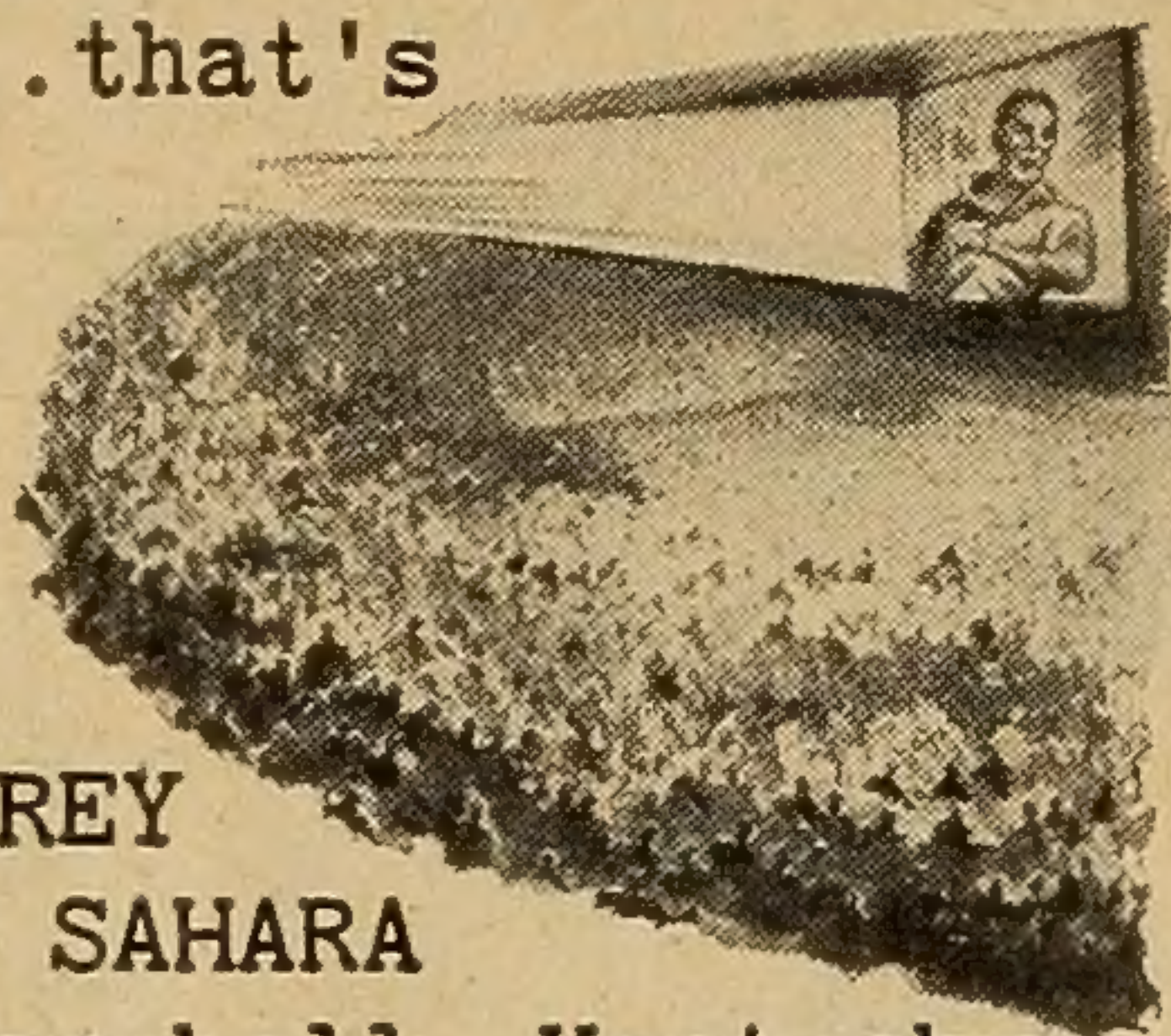
SCREENLAND

7

INSIDE

HOLLYWOOD

When 30,000 Service Men crowd into one place to see a picture...that's news! The World's largest film audience saw HUMPHREY BOGART in SAHARA at Camp Campbell, Kentucky on the occasion of the first anniversary of the 4th Armored Corps. They cheered the picture they helped make at the California Desert Training Theatre of Operations.



SAHARA...the sensational story that can NOW be told...and told as only the great star of CASABLANCA HUMPHREY BOGART can tell it!



The saga of a handful of courageous men who hastened the present offensive in Italy by their daring stand in the desert before El Alamein.

Never has the camera caught such true emotion, such sweeping story, such mighty adventure, such a star in such action!

For the greatest screen thrill of your life see SAHARA...starring HUMPHREY BOGART!

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
FOR THIS COLUMBIA PICTURE

STREAMLINED LIVING



Rationing is a challenge to Johnny Mack Brown and his happy family. Here they share their ingenious ways of outwitting wartime shortages



By
Betty Boone

OTHER film folk take a frightened look at their depleted domestic staffs and another at their spacious homes and run to cover in some apartment hotel in Hollywood, where someone else streamlines life.

But not the Johnny Mack Browns. They go right on living in their big English house, high above Beverly Hills. It was built, they say, to last "forever." They never intend to let themselves grow old, so why should they climb

up on shelves to wait for the war to end? There are five of them, they all have strong hands and know how to use them, and to them it's fun to discover new ways to outwit shortages, whether of help or supplies.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Brown are both from the South, hospitality is their

At top, daughter Janie serves her father soy bean sprout salad. Below, Lachlan and Cynthia help Dad with the dinner dishes.





TURN ON
THE FUN!

A HEAT WAVE OF
WONDERFUL **GIRLS!**
GAGS! RHYTHM!
ROMANCE! and
ENTERTAINMENT!
IT'S TORRIFIC!

WILLIAM GAXTON
MAE WEST ★ **VICTOR MOORE**
with **LESTER ALLEN** • **ALAN DINEHART** • **LLOYD BRIDGES**
Screen Play by Fitzroy Davis, George S. George & Fred Schiller • Directed by Gregory Ratoff
A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

HAZEL SCOTT
TICKLING THE IVORIES
AS ONLY SHE CAN

XAVIER CUGAT
and His Orchestra



**USE FEWER
SANITARY PADS**
yet be fresher—
safer!

Plenty more service, more comfort from amazing new SAN-NAP-PAK napkins, yet no extra bulk! SAN-NAP-PAK's super-absorbent filler, its scientific Safety-Back keep you safer, fresher, wonderfully comfortable hours longer than ordinary pads! Try SAN-NAP-PAK at our risk. Money back if not completely satisfied!

Box of 12, 21c; 50, only 78c; 2 boxes, \$1.50

This time try new
SAN-NAP-PAK

a better
**SANITARY
NAPKIN**



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Yet
actually
costs less!



FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

Before the Oscars are awarded or decided upon for this year's best performance, I should like to make a defense for some of the actors who deserve them but probably won't receive them. It is no compliment to the theater-goer that these actors are in need of defense. Nor is it a compliment to the committee that chooses the Academy Award winners. If the committee did not commit what was thought to be an error now and then, the professional fault-finders would starve to death. There is no excuse, however, for their repeated and senseless selections of actors and actresses who star in films made in the latter part of the year while all too often, stars have given superb performances and been very close to the award had the committee not forgotten the picture made earlier in the year.

As an example: I'll wager that Cary Grant will not be thought of for his performance in "Mr. Lucky" when the selection of best pictures is made. Yet he has given a superb performance. But because "Mr. Lucky" was released so early in the year, time will dim the vividness of his remarkable performance.

I wish that a "best" picture would be selected every month or two from films released at those times and also a selection of the best actors, etc. At the end of the year, the selection would be narrowed down and pictures released early in the year would be given a better chance for deserving praise and so would the players.

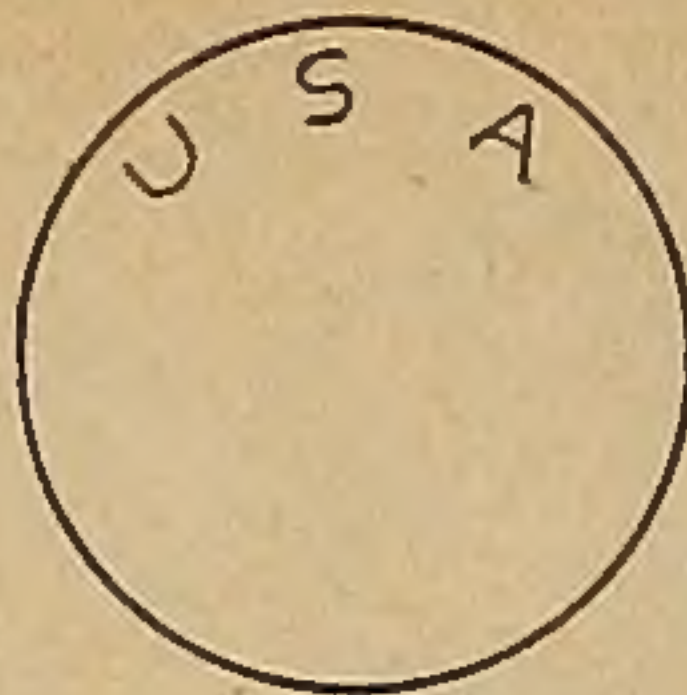
Will you open a court of public opinion and ask your readers if they agree or disagree? Without the movie-goers, where would the stars be? Let the public have a chance to voice their defenses in favor of their favorites and let the fans help choose "Who's Who for Oscar."

MARY TRAUTWEIN, Buffalo, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

An Open Letter to Warner Brothers:

Congratulations on a wonderful picture, "This Is the Army." You have already received acclaim from lots of in-



Fans' Forum



Crooner Crosby Fans vs. Swooner Sinatra Fans

We stirred up the Bing Crosby fans by publishing, in a recent issue, a letter from a young lady from Baltimore who said Frank Sinatra will top Crosby in about a year. Bing's boosters ranted and raved and said Bing is unbeatable, but Sinatra's followers happily agreed. It was only a nine-line letter that started the big controversy that burst our mailbags. We liked it too. We always enjoy a good scrap. Why not try your hand at writing a letter about the movies and stars? You may win one of the War Savings Stamps prizes which will help buy another Bond so you, too, can Back the Attack! Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00, and five \$1.00 prizes, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of each month.

Please address letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

fluent people all over the country, but I would just like to add my humble thanks for some really splendid entertainment. Perhaps the reception of this picture will convince you that a rousing patriotic picture like it will go much farther in arousing our fighting spirit than will the very depressing propaganda films which you set such store by. Warners is known for its setting of styles in motion pictures so please give us more such movies as "This Is the Army" and maybe some of the other studios will catch on that it's entertainment we want and not pictures that remind us of all the horror that is going on in the world. We are already too well aware of it. It would be difficult to single out all connected with the picture which made it a success just as the same team work of all branches of our armed forces and the civilians are going to make us victorious in this conflict.

LUCILLE JENNINGS, Beverly Hills, Calif.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 Each

One of the most stimulating personalities in films today is Lon McAllister. Although Lon is new to most of the fans, this fan predicts that he is headed for "Stardom" via rocket. If you saw the picture, "Stage Door Canteen," you'll remember him as the shy and never-been-kissed *California*. A Navy salute to Lon McAllister, who walked off with flying colors. It kinda gives every serviceman a feeling as if he were in his place. I forgot my troubles and cares and was deeply carried away by Lon's *California*. I have seen the picture three times and have enjoyed it more every time. A Victory assignment to Lon's producer: Another *California* part for Lon. In Navy lingo, "He's on the ball." This fan is rooting for him all the way, and I do mean all the way.

VINCENT V. ZURICK, S1/c, Norfolk, Va.

I love the movies, movie stars and movie magazines, but I would like to file a complaint against Anastasia Lutz, who, in the September issue of *SCREENLAND*, praised Frank Sinatra. And well he may be praised, but she went too far in praising him when she said that in a year or so Sinatra would top Bing Crosby. He could never compare with Crosby . . . now, or in a year from now, or even five or six years. In fact, as long as Bing is able to sing and entertain us he will top all other singers.

Frank Sinatra has charm and I must admit a good voice, but he still cannot compete with the King of Sing—Bing. Crosby makes you swoon with utter enchantment whenever he opens his mouth whether to talk or sing. Bing's style is very different and natural.

JEANNE KINGSTON, Fort Erie, Ont.

Donald O'Connor, dear Fans' Forum, is the greatest thing that's hit the ol' town since the new power plant.

Of all the simply super movies we've seen during the past six months (you see, we work as usherettes in one of the better local cinemas), "Mr. Big" is the first one ever to inspire us to write you.



Lt. Wayne Morris, a U. S. Navy flyer, enjoys a bit of night life at the *Stork Club* while on leave, with his wife, the former Patsy O'Rourke.

Evelyn Keyes

IN

"There's Something About a Soldier" A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original patented color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood...one dollar.

ORIGINAL COLOR HARMONY SHADES FOR EVERY TYPE



BLONDE BRUNETTE BROWNETTE REDHEAD



Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE



Max Factor - Hollywood

Besides being able to live through six wonderful afternoon and evening performances, we've had a chance to hear what American movie-goers think about this strictly heaven-sent "jive kid."

Who's Mickey Rooney anyway? I'm afraid the soda bar set have completely forgotten about him in lieu of one Don O'Connor, with his dancing that's solid jivin', his out-of-this-world singing and his delicious sense of humor.

Practically everyone stayed to see the feature through twice, and the line-up—oh, brother! When the audience finally, but reluctantly, left they were all raving about their new discovery. You've really hit something this time, Hollywood—so hang on to it!

MARY COSGROVE and MARY RANKIN,
Lansing, Mich.

It was the good fortune of those stationed here at Newport to be among the first to see the very enjoyable picture, "So Proudly We Hail." This is not a letter on the picture, but rather on a young man who I think stole the show. I mean, of course, Yale's gift to Hollywood—Sonny Tufts. Tufts plays the cocky young Marine to perfection. He seemed to make the part real with all the ease and poise of a veteran. I think Sonny will do big things in Hollywood.

WILLIAM MANSFIELD, S2/c,
Newport, R. I.

I just got back from Dixie—the gay, colorful Dixie of the 1840's. And even if I am a Northerner, I've never had such an enjoyable time. You see, I just



When Betty Hutton arrived in New York with contingent of Hollywood stars for Third War Bond Drive, she announced her intention to marry Charles Martin, radio announcer.

saw Paramount's grand new musical, "Dixie," and I can't find praises enough for this refreshing picture with such a swell story. Watching the minstrel scenes, I could hardly keep from singing right along with the players!

I came away thinking, "If only I had lived in those days of the good old minstrel shows, beautiful rustling gowns and those colorful firemen. How I did enjoy the fire scenes!"

In "Dixie," Bing Crosby was at his best—I think Frank Sinatra is pretty good, but he can't touch Bing! And Dottie! She did a fine job—I certainly felt sorry for Millie, who had to lose the boy. Billy De Wolfe is really going places. I couldn't help liking him, even if his cards weren't quite honest. Marjorie Reynolds is a sweetheart! I won't quickly forget her performance as Jean.

I don't know if "Dixie" will win an Academy Award, but I just had to let you know that I thought it was perfect. And I'm sure I'm not alone when I say—Hollywood, let's have more of these musical pictures of the colorful days—a little removed from these troubled times.

ANN GUEST, Gordon, Wisc.

HONORABLE MENTION

Concerning your article, "Mature Men Better Lovers?", in the recent issue of SCREENLAND, I wish to say a few words.

I heartily agree that Charles Boyer, Humphrey Bogart and Paul Henreid have a way with the ladies (indeed, yes!) but they are not the only ones who know how to handle the love scenes.

I'm sure I'm not the only one who thinks the younger generation can put over the "love stuff" on the screen. Just think of Mickey Rooney, Jimmy Stewart, Dana Andrews, Van Johnson! And you mustn't forget the hold Frankie Sinatra has over the feminine population! They all have their share of charm.

So don't give us that "Love Begins at 40" line—we know better!

MRS. MARCIA VESPI, Dolgeville, N. Y.

IRRESISTIBLE ★ ★ ★

as always! ★

We dedicate to the

NAVY NURSES CORPS

IRRESISTIBLE *Ruby Red* LIPSTICK

Salute to the beauty power of America's women power ...to that alert, luminous look so superbly emphasized by the deep, glowing tone of Irresistible's Ruby Red Lipstick. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting. Destined to make you look your best while you're doing your best for your country. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face powder.

10¢ AT ALL 10¢ STORES



Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢





SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY—20th Century-Fox

If Betty Grable is not your pet pin-up girl she *will* be after you see her in this film-musical which takes place in the 1880's and gives Betty a chance to again wear costumes of a gay, colorful period. They're exquisite in Technicolor. It's about a showgirl, *Rosie O'Grady* (Betty), who goes to Europe, becomes engaged to a Duke and returns to America as the snooty *Miss Marlowe*, but is exposed as the former showgirl in the *Police Gazette* by reporter Robert Young, who later wins *Rosie* for himself. The picture rolls along at a merry pace. It's a typical frothy Grable film, but surely no one objects to good escapist stuff these days. Burlesque numbers permit eyefuls of the shapely Grable limbs, but it's not risqué.



DESTROYER—Columbia

Edward G. Robinson is cast as a World War I Navy veteran whose fanatical love for a new destroyer which he has helped build and on which he wangles a post, gets him in wrong with the crew, particularly Glenn Ford, who succeeds him when he makes a mistake on the shakedown cruise. But Robinson, who gives his usual good performance, becomes a hero when he saves the ship after encounters with a Jap sub. Glenn does a swell job as the bos'n's mate who loves the salty old sailor's daughter (Marguerite Chapman) and their love scenes, with Glenn rushing her in sailor style, are very funny—the type of cocky stuff Glenn does so well. Film has suspense.



THE SKY'S THE LIMIT—RKO-Radio

A lively comedy romance in which Fred Astaire plays an ex-Flying Tiger who, incognito, starts out to have fun prior to beginning a new assignment—ferrying bombers to Australia. He meets a girl photographer, Joan Leslie, falls for her, spends his leave pursuing her without revealing his identity, leading her to believe he's a slacker and bringing about some hilarious complications. But he wins her in the end. Joan dances two numbers with Fred and proves a charming, capable partner for Astaire. Fred also does a solo dance on top of a drinking bar. It's light-hearted, entertaining and should make the Astaire fans happy.



Isn't your man in a million worth every cent you can save?

YOUR man in a million is giving up everything to help win this war! He's said goodbye till it's over—to his home and his job—his family and his friends—to you, the girl of his heart.

And are you keeping faith? Are you doing your part? Is any effort, any sacrifice, too great for your man who's doing so much?

You know the answer! So begin today to economize and skimp and save. And put every penny you can lay aside into United States War Bonds!

War Bonds are, in a very real sense, bonds between you and the one you love.

For, every bond you buy helps to speed war production—helps to keep our ships sailing and our tanks rolling—helps to hurl more bombs and shells and bullets upon the foe.

Every bond you buy is a milestone on the road to Tokyo—another dent in the shield of German resistance.

You only *lend* the money, you know. You invest it with Uncle Sam for your

sailor and yourself, and your future happiness and security together. And a more prudent, safe and steady-going investment has never been offered in all history!

Take your rightful place in the war effort—start buying War Bonds today!

Here's what War Bonds do for You:

- 1** They provide the safest place in all the world for your savings.
- 2** They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.
- 3** They pay you back \$4 for every \$3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . accumulate interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.
- 4** The longer you hold them, the more they're worth. But, remember, if you need the money you may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days.
- 5** They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in value. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world; the United States of America.

SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U.S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY

*Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by:
The Distributors of Kotex Sanitary Napkins and Kleenex Tissues*



A good permanent wave makes all sorts of hair-dos possible



**By
Josephine
Felts**

Upper left, Rita Hayworth for formal attire suggests curls en masse atop a smooth line. Above and below, Leslie Brooks to look sleek wears her hair high, and to look winsome, a long bob with cluster-curls. Both actresses, appearing in Columbia's film, "Cover Girl."

Photographs courtesy of Frederic's Tru-curl permanent wave.

A PERMANENT RULES YOUR WAVES

HAIR up or down; hair slick or fluffy—you may take your pick of hair styles because there are no limitations to them if your permanent is right. The problem of straight, unruly hair that you "just can't do a thing with" is past history. For many years, the science of permanent waving has been progressing in such leaps and bounds that now there's scarcely a head of hair that can't be made lovely and manageable.

Probably very few girls can remember the days when a permanent was an ordeal which lasted for hours and hours,

and which left the hair standing on end in tight coarse curlicues like a Fiji Islander's. To those who can recall the first costly long-lasting "waves," the present day permanents are one of the wonders of the age. In 1943-44, almost every woman (from three to eighty) in every walk of life, may take a quick natural-looking permanent as a matter of course. And the movie actresses, in whose beauty paths we follow, are no exceptions. For the variety of hair styles which acting many different parts calls for, their hair just must be easily ar-

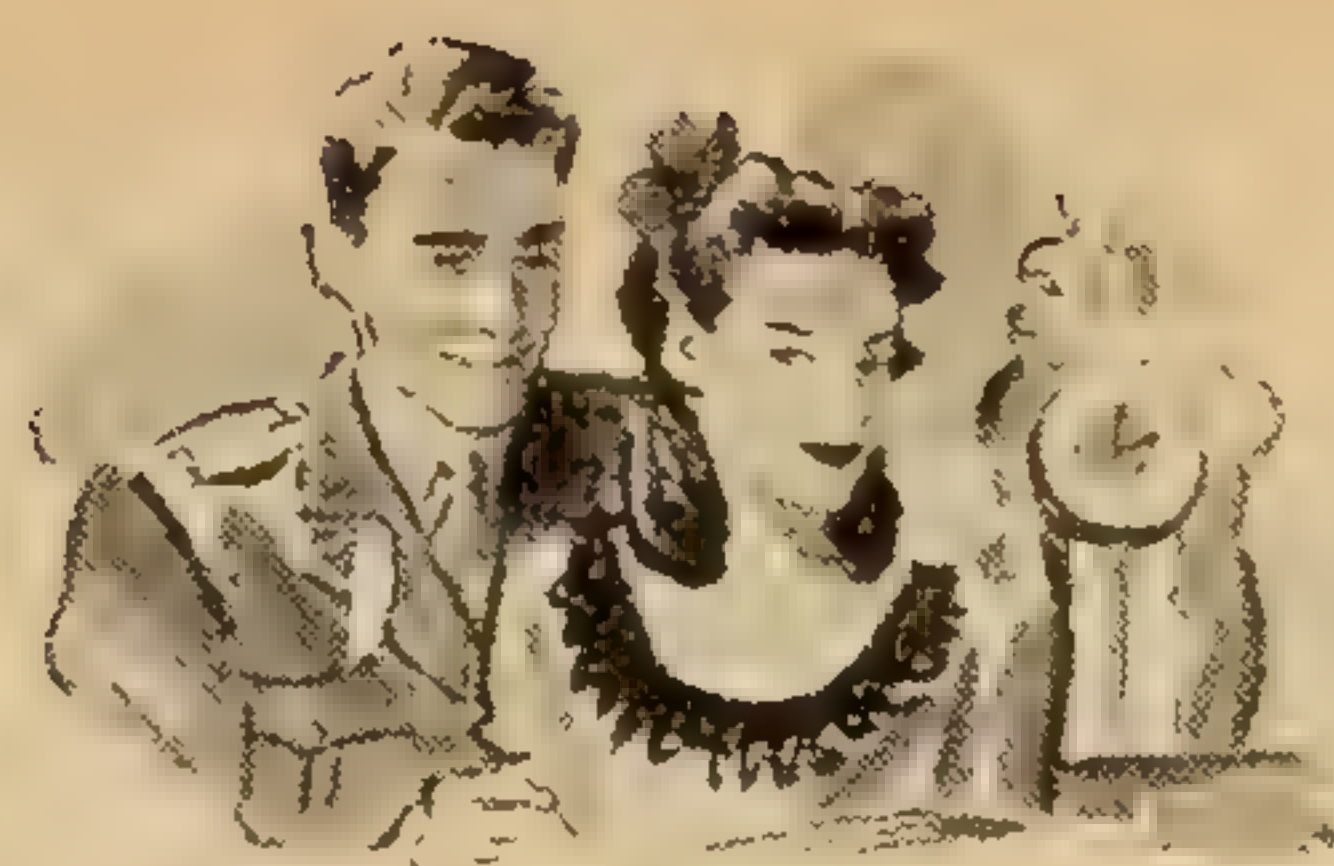
rangeable. Wigs or permanents are the only answers to versatile heads—and wigs went out with the horse and buggy era!

Suppose you want to wear your hair down for sports and up for other occasions, as Leslie Brooks, in Columbia's "Cover Girl," does. Or, suppose you just like to change your hair-do from a long

(Please turn to page 7.)

No other shampoo

leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!



A MEMORY-MAKING HAIR-DO—to make him carry in his heart a lovely picture of you—no matter where he may go! But don't expect to get the same unforgettable results unless your hair itself has the shining smoothness of this girl's hair! Before styling, hers was washed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's more enchantment for a man in lovely shining hair, beautifully done, than in any new hat or dress!

So guard the precious beauty of your hair—don't let soap or soap shampoos rob it of its glorious natural lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember... Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble



*Behold! he sees what no human eye has glimpsed
since the beginning of time*

He might have stepped from the frame of a Rembrandt painting, this bewigged figure of a man so patiently making lenses and squinting through them.

Night after night, like a child with a new toy, Antony van Leeuwenhoek, seventeenth century Dutch shopkeeper, hurried home to place anything and everything under his microscope: the brain of a fly, rain water, a hair, pepper, a cow's eye, scrapings from his teeth.

Then one day, behold! he sees what no human eye has glimpsed since the beginning of time. Fantastic "little animals", thousands of them to a pin-point, dart and squirm as he gazes.

Not for an instant did he suspect any of them as foes of mankind, as possible destroy-

ers of health and life. But the enemy had at last been sighted. Man had taken his first faltering step in the war on germs.

Nearly two hundred years were to pass before the second step, a giant stride, was taken by Pasteur. He devoted his life to seeking out the microbes which he believed to be the cause of disease. In turn, his work inspired Lister to use carbolic acid in combating the almost inevitable gangrene which then followed surgery.

Soon Lister's fame as "the father of antiseptic surgery" spread across the Atlantic. No wonder that when a new, non-caustic, non-poisonous antiseptic and germicide was discovered in St. Louis, its sponsors named it *Listerine*, in his honor.

Today the shining bottle and amber color

of Listerine Antiseptic are as familiar to millions of people as the face of a long trusted friend. In more than sixty years of service in the fight on infection, it has day after day proved deadly to germs but harmless to tissue... well meriting its almost universal citation as "the safe antiseptic and germicide."

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

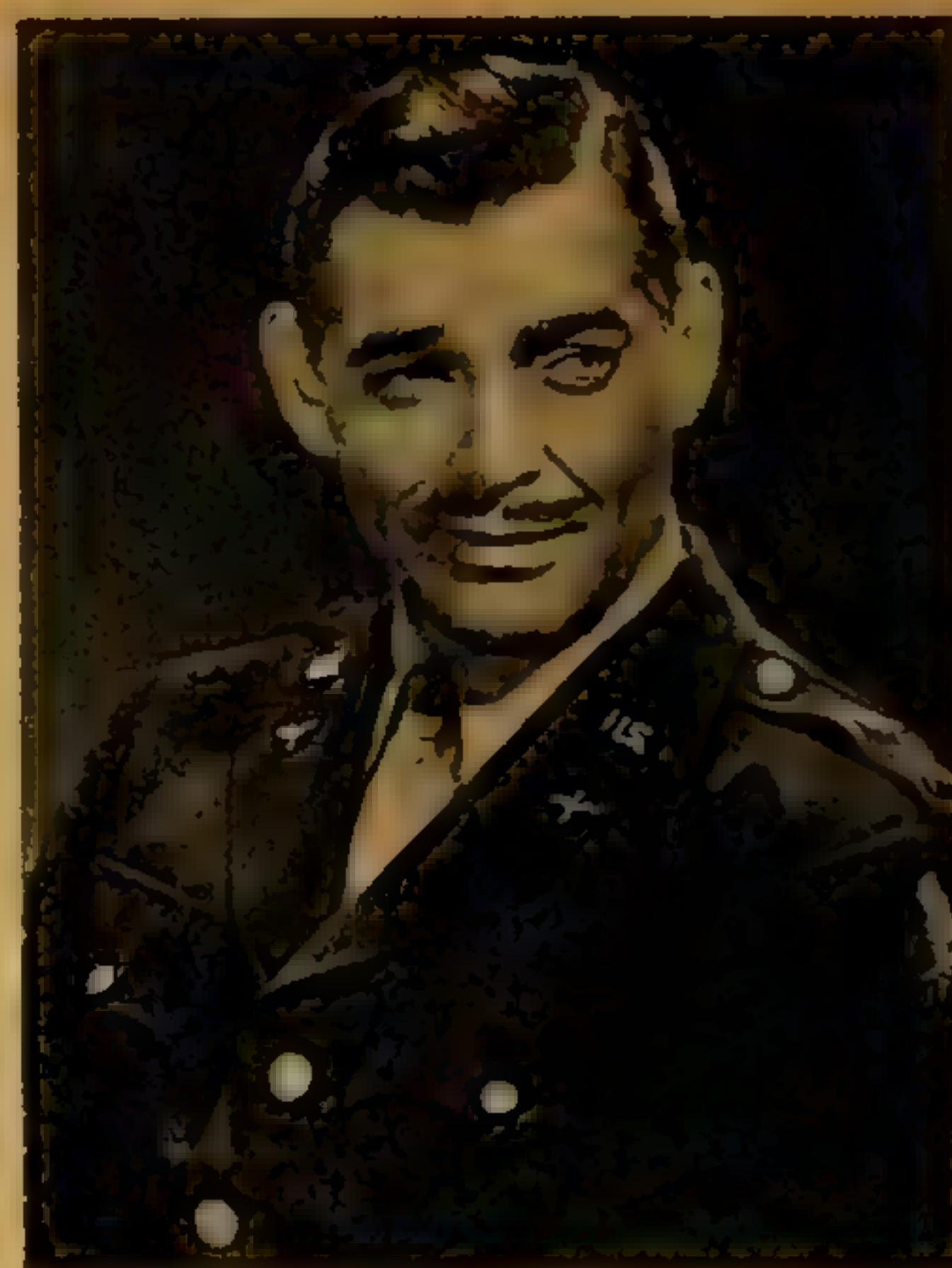
L I S T E R I N E
A N T I S E P T I C
in service more than sixty years

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug companies will, however, have it generally available in one size.

Robert Taylor



CAPTAIN GABLE, "GRIM AND GAY"



New photos of Captain Clark Gable as he looks today, by U. S. Signal Corps. Above, last studio portrait made before he went overseas, when he was still a Lieutenant.

Exclusive! Our British correspondent gives you a first-hand report on the former movie idol now serving his country in the Air Corps



OVERHEAD a great flying Fortress roared up toward the white-flecked sky as it set off from its English airfield for a raid over Nazi territory. Clark Gable stood beside me watching it leave, his tall figure loose and shapeless in his flying suit and yellow life preserver vest. The pale morning sun caught the streaks of grey in his crisp dark hair, reflecting again in his eyes as he shaded them with an oil-stained hand.

"It's a grand job," he pronounced, "I'm proud to be helping with it."

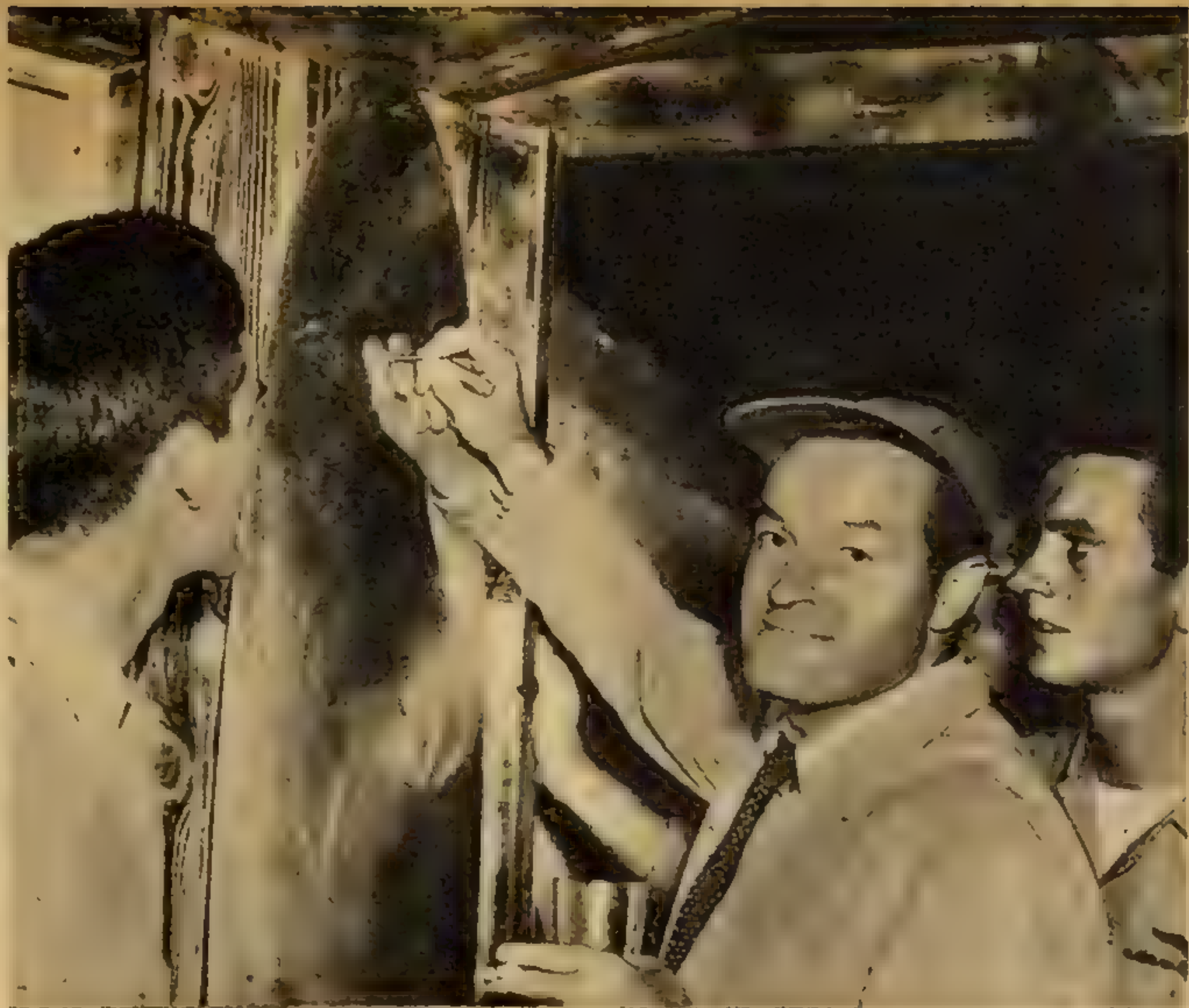
He said it with quiet sincerity that needed no emphasis, for the long unpublicized trip that brought him across the Atlantic was his own choice, just as he originally decided to give up the second highest screen salary in America in order to become Captain Gable of the U. S. Army Air Corps, gunnery instructor on a heavy bomber station and merely "one of the boys" there.

Last summer General Luther Smith, who directs the Air Corps Training, asked Clark if he felt he could undertake a special assignment. It was believed that a film actually taken on operations would teach battle tactics to trainees far more effectively than lectures alone and lead to many improvements in the difficult art of gunnery technique in the air. Would Captain Gable like to help?

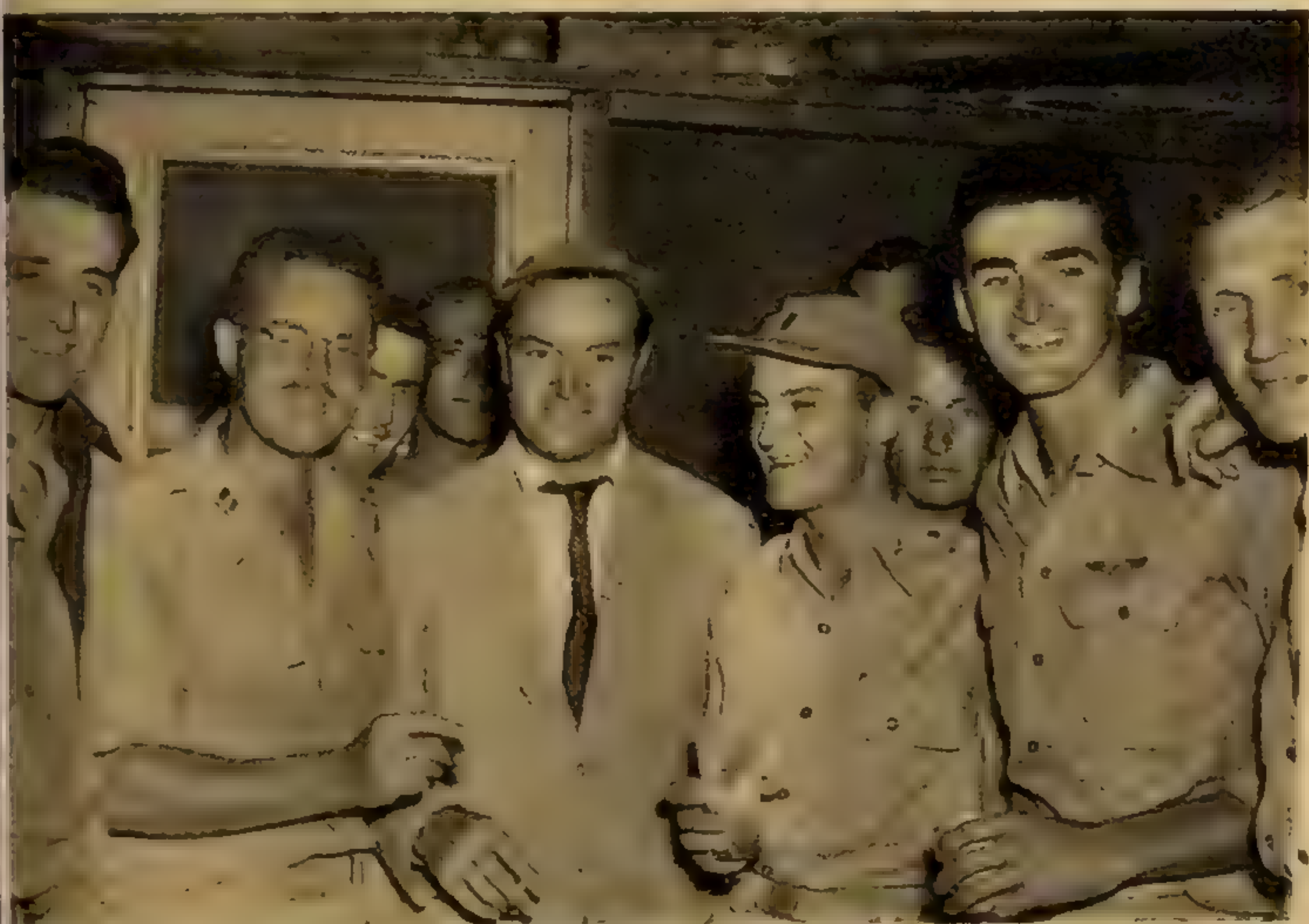
When Clark agreed, he was sent to England with two old friends from Hollywood, Lieutenant A. J. McIntyre who was the cameraman for "Test Pilot" and Lieutenant George Mahin, the script writer of "Boom Town" and now of this new film which none of Clark's women fans will ever see. It has more thrills packed into it than anything ever conceived in a studio; for this is reality, the hard grim stuff of war in its fiercest and bitterest phase.

Its stars are the pilots, the navigators, the gunners and the radio operators—men who have come back from scores of Fortress raids on Germany, sometimes (Please turn to page 64)

By Hettie Grimstead



Hope was a hit with officers and enlisted men alike. These photos show him in various informal gatherings between shows, always ready with a grin and a good wisecrack. The old gentleman in picture at far left is Bob's 99-year-old grandfather. Their reunion came just a few weeks before "Granddad" passed on, happy to have seen his famous grandson again.



SCIENTIFICALLY we squeezed and edged our way into the crowded grey and silver reception-salon of Mayfair's most exclusive hotel, rich with the scent of crimson roses and crowned with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack draped together over the inlaid crystal bar. There were U. S. Army officers in olive-drab and British ones in khaki and the majority of the newspaper reporters and radio officials in London and Frances Langford glittering and glamorous in black chiffon. There were Charles Butterworth and Jack Pepper, and there was also a smiling man in a grey flannel suit, balancing a glass of beer in one hand and conducting an imaginary band with the other while he shot back quick-fire wisecracks in answer to a hail of questions. Bob Hope had come home to his native land and London was acclaiming him.

It was just like "Bob Hope's Half Hour" on a grand luxury scale. Flashlights popped and cameras clicked and soft music came from the band next door and screen stars like Anna Neagle and Jessie Matthews and Bebe Daniels walked up to greet the visitor. Instead of his regular stooges, Bob had the men and women from Fleet Street—that's the quarter where we print our national newspapers over here.

"How is it that you team so well with Bing Crosby, Bob?"

"I guess I just have the talent, lady. Of course Bing can sing a bit too."

"What have you got to say about your wife?"

"Any spies around here? No? Come closer, so's I can whisper and as many folks as possible won't hear. . . . *She's charming.*" (Please turn to page 66)




WITH BOB IN BRITAIN



From England we're proud to present this informal impression of impossible Hope entertaining the overseas—another scoop by writer Hettie Grimstead





By
Eleanor
Harris

The Case ...
of the
MISSING STAR



The lovely lady who vanishes after every picture: Miss O'Hara, below in scene from "The Fallen Sparrow," with John Garfield. Left, Mrs. Will Price, a different person altogether, though bearing a strange resemblance to star O'Hara, with her Marine husband.



Strange and mysterious disappearing act of beautiful Maureen O'Hara is explained!

ATTENTION, BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS!

OUT HERE in Hollywood we have a case for you—the Case of the Missing Star. We have one movie star who only lives on celluloid, who only breathes on the screen. You could search and search throughout Hollywood and you'd never find her—because she doesn't exist, save to a charmed group of people, and she only exists for them nine hours a day. They're the actors in her pictures, the technicians, the directors. They see her from nine in the morning until six at night—when she vanishes like a puff of smoke into the air.

We're talking about Maureen O'Hara—whose case history is this: She disappeared from everyday life a year and a half ago, when she said some words that apparently have as much magic power as the word "Abracadabra." She said, "I, Maureen, take thee, Will . . ." and presto! Maureen O'Hara had vanished into space, and Mrs. Will Price was there in her stead.

Now, as we all know, the movie star Maureen O'Hara is glamor afoot. She is tantalizingly beautiful, gorgeously made up, flowingly gowned. Well, Bureau of Missing Persons, you'll never find her around town. Instead you'll find Mrs. Will Price—the pretty, simply dressed wife of a young ex-dialogue director, who is now a Lieutenant in the Marines. Young Mrs. Price doesn't believe in glamor. She doesn't believe in make-up, either, except for lipstick; or in fussy, elegant clothes. Most of all, she doesn't believe in careers for wives—or in letting Maureen O'Hara's career interfere in any way with the lives of Lieutenant and Mrs. Will Price. Which explains the disappearing act of Maureen O'Hara every evening at six—and the reappearance of young Mrs. Price. (So transformed in looks that *nobody* recognizes her as the movie star—making her free as the wind from autograph hounds.)

But if you're at all doubtful about the Case of the Missing Star, don't just ask Hollywood. Ask a more quiet community—ask the people of the Marine Base at Quantico, Virginia. They'll back us up. They know all about this case—and to them it's still news, because they only found out about it a few weeks ago.

What happened was this: Movie star Maureen O'Hara went East to appear in person at the opening of her picture, "This Land is Mine." . . . in Cincinnati, and while there Miss O'Hara lost Mrs. Will Price's engagement ring—which made Mrs. Price despise the actress more than ever! After that, movie star Maureen O'Hara made some personal appearances in New York . . . But (Please turn to page 70)





Donald O'Connor and his Best Girl

“WHAT KIND of girls do you like?” I asked Donald O'Connor, who was vigorously digging into a muscle-bound steak at the studio commissary. “Females,” answered young O'Connor promptly—and added, “this steak is so tough I can't even cut the gravy.”

Donald isn't at all critical of the opposite sex. He likes girls, all girls. “I think they are keen,” he says. “I like girls who play boogie woogie on the piano and do jive on the dance floor. I like girls who are natural and don't try to be cute when they're with a fellow. And I like girls who have good appetites. Excuse me for a second,” he said, taking a final swig at his strawberry malted (the jukebox generation can really pack away food) “my girl's in the other room having lunch with friends. I gotta see she's getting everything she wants. Back in a second.”

Although he likes all girls, the one Donald likes in particular is a pretty young thing named Gwen Carter. He met Gwen at a party last Christmas and they've been going steady ever since. When the war is over they plan to get married. Gwen is a Los Angeles girl, and without any movie ambitions. She has brown eyes and “reddish auburn hair” (quotes by Donald) and “jitterbugs like mad.” Donald and Gwen and their crowd like to gather at each others' homes on Saturday nights and play records and dance—or else they gather at the corner drugstore and put nickels in the jukebox and sip malteds. They like Harry James and Benny Goodman, but aren't too keen about Frank Sinatra. He's too *schmaltz* for the rug cutters. When Donald is working, and he always is, Universal sees to that, Gwen drives over to the studio to have lunch with him several times a week. “Yes,” continued Donald, settling down again and burying the remainder of his steak in catchup, “I like all girls. But I like Gwen most of all.”

Recently Donald and Peggy Ryan, another of Universal's young stars, celebrated their birthdays with a Saturday night dance at
(Please turn to page 60)

Screen's new juvenile sensation, Donald O'Connor, gives out with his best interview, poses for first time with his best girl, pretty Gwen Carter (below), exclusively for SCREENLAND readers. Universal's box-office demon is shown, top right on facing page, kissing his Mom good night; hosting his gang which includes Peggy Ryan, known to all fans of O'Connor films; in family group of his brother and sister-in-law, his niece, Patsy O'Connor, also in pictures, and his mother, Mrs. Effie O'Connor. Next to girls, Don likes boogie woogie and food—and he can fry an egg. Smart, but no smarty.



Exclusive! What young "Top Man" Don thinks about girls, jive, and just about everything

By Elizabeth Wilson



CONFESSIONS of a CAREER GIRL

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Let's ask Julie Bishop! For *Julie Bishop* was given a studio contract the very next day after coming into existence. Up to that time, she had been Jacqueline Wells, plugging along at the movie game in a flock of B's, and getting nowhere. The new name, and the new personality it inspired, proved a bit of magic and now Warner Brothers are rolling out the red carpet for their new star.

Julie's break came immediately after signing her contract when she was given the part of Humphrey Bogart's girl friend in "Action in The North Atlantic." So pleased were studio executives with her performance that they gave her star rating and today she's sharing honors with Errol Flynn in "To The Last Man."

It was between scenes of this exciting drama that Julie and I were talking it over. "I'm definitely a career girl," began Julie. "That's the reason the career must be worthwhile. Jacqueline Wells seemed hopelessly typed in those lesser rôles

and I was very unhappy, so I decided to stake my all on one throw of the dice and change my name. That isn't easy to do. For days I lived in a whirl of names, plain and fancy, with every friend suggesting favorites. It finally simmered down to Jill Clifton, but I couldn't accept it. One morning as I entered the casting director's office his secretary greeted me with, 'Hello, Julie.' I stopped, amazed! 'That's it,' I fairly shouted. 'Julie—why, I love it. And it fits!' Then right out of the air came *Bishop*, and slid into place. Just like that, I was *Julie Bishop*! Now it seems as if it had always been my name.

"From my earliest recollection I wanted to be a dancer," she went on. "At six I was enrolled as a pupil of Theodore Kosloff in his famous Russian Ballet School. For seven years I followed the strict regime of this training, with every thought centered on becoming a great dancer. A couple of times I appeared on the screen with the Kosloff Ballet, but not once did I feel a desire to become an actress.

"Then I began to grow up, and one day I decided I didn't like 'ballerina legs.' I determined to escape them, and, too, I wanted to live my own life without (Please turn to page 81)

By
**Maude
Cheatham**

**Change your name and
climb to fame! Well, it
worked in Julie Bishop's
case, anyway, and now
ex-Jacqueline Wells is Er-
rol Flynn's leading lady**



AMES to Please!

Introducing an entrancing new-comer named Ramsey Ames, whose sultry charms and crooning make strong men pun and women weep in envy. No wonder

You'll see and hear Miss Ames, ex-night club singer, in Universal's Olsen and Johnson extravaganza, "Crazy House." She's so promising that she'll be featured next in "Phantom Lady," Joan Harrison's first production at Universal. (Yes, the same Joan Harrison who wrote so many Hitchcock thrillers.)



By
Liza



Untold Stories OF FRANK SINATRA

New, intimate notes on a solid sender, straight from Hollywood!

HOLLYWOOD has twice given the brush-off to Frank Sinatra. Not that it was Frankie's fault. He crooned as beautifully then as he does now. Nor for that matter was it Hollywood's fault. Hollywood had no way of knowing that the nice quiet little guy from New Jersey with the appealing smile would turn out to be the singing idol of millions. Just think—if a producer had been prescient enough to get Frankie's autograph on a dotted line five years ago when he was singing for cakes, why, he'd be so stinking rich

by now that Mr. Morgenthau would have to send out a fleet of trucks to pick up his taxes.

Five years ago Frankie made his first trip to Hollywood as vocalist with the Harry James orchestra. The band had been signed for a long engagement at the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles, and Frankie had been promised a steady \$60 a week, so he brought along his bride and his other suit. But when they got to California the Palomar was a heap of smoldering ashes. The contract was void, and so were the Sinatras. Finally the band got a job at Victor Hugo's, formerly a smart restaurant in Beverly Hills, now converted into Adrian's fashionable dressmaking shop. But there was so much brass to James's band, and so little room in the restaurant, that when Frankie got up to sing he was practically blasted into the customers' soups. The Victor Hugo closed abruptly.

By
May
Mann



Here she is again!
And here's the first
and only interview
she has given since
her return to films

Typically Mae Westian is
her new rôle in "Tropicana."
She sings, wears those pro-
vocative costumes, below,
spars in comedy scenes with
Victor Moore and William
Gaxton — see scene still.



MAE WEST AND THE MAN SHORTAGE

I'VE BEEN gettin' a lot of letters from women these days. Women askin' me my advice on how to hold a man. 'There's only one way to hold a man, honey,' I tell 'em. 'In your arms, of course!'"

Mae West smiled with a provocative roll of her gray-green eyes, under those long black lashes. She shrugged her shoulders—ever so slightly, but with amusement.

"It seems today it's no longer may the best man win, but the best woman. I understand there are somethin' like 4,000,000 women in the United States who live alone and don't like it. That's where all the statistics and knowledge I've been gatherin' for my 'Diamond Lil'

characterizations come in handy. As Brigham Young, who'd married 27 wives, said, 'Some men never marry from choice. But there is not one woman in a million who will not marry if she gets a chance.' And gettin' the chance these days seems to be the super problem.

"Now take Catherine the Great. Men fell for her as fast as flies for honey. I've been readin' up on my history. I have just written a play, 'Catherine Was Great,' that I'm doin' on Broadway as soon as I finish this picture 'Tropicana.' Catherine would have known just how to handle the present man-power situation. She rose at four every mornin' and tossed off five cups of coffee made from

(Please turn to page 68)





Bonita speaks straightforward truths to other girls of her age—truths which if realized would solve the problem of juvenile delinquency in these changing times. Above, a date with a soldier, peacetime movie actor Tom Brown. Facing page, Bonita, with her charming mother and her unfailing inspiration.

Ration

YOUR LOVE IN WARTIME

SAYS *Bonita Granville*

ALL GIRLS my age have one central thought in mind! War or no war, it is still the same. We want to get married. We want a successful and happy marriage. We want a husband we love. And a home and children. This is very normal and as it should be.

But we must realize that we are living in difficult and unusual times. And we must adjust ourselves to these changing times. We shouldn't hold on to something that doesn't exist any more. Gone are the days of fun without a purpose, of Saturday night dances, football games, racing to the beach for picnic suppers, and lots of parties. All our boy friends are in uniform now. They are flying planes, driving tanks, carrying guns, and digging foxholes in some far-off country that we never even heard of before. We girls, too, are in uniform, of one kind or another. No longer is it smart for a girl to sit at home and wait for her man to come back. Today we have to get out and do things that will help bring our men back. Our part in the war is almost as vital as theirs. We are working for a common purpose, that of victory and a free world where we can live the rest of our lives in peace and safety. We are working hard and we are making an all-out effort to help them. But there is one problem that I feel very strongly is the special duty of girls like myself. If we fail, so does

our country, and all that our boys are fighting for. We are living today in a world of rationed food, rationed shoes, and rationed gas. This is a condition that our government finds necessary to preserve. For this same reason I think girls like myself should ration their love during wartime.

We read in the papers about the younger generation—that's girls and boys of our age—going wild. About gang wars, zoot suits, stealing, drinking, destroying property, and gin marriages. I have read some of these articles and ordinarily they say that the primary cause is that the parents are working in war plants and cannot stay home and keep a proper place for their children. The breakdown in normal life, due to the war, they say, is one of the most important causes of juvenile delinquency. J. Edgar Hoover in a recent article said that the mothers and fathers today seem to be willing to work hard, not only for wages, but also in their spare time to do what they can in voluntary aid to the war effort. But the result is that the foundation of our American life, the home and family, is being neglected and, in many cases, entirely forgotten.

It has been said many times that there are no bad children—only bad parents. In many cases this is true. Where people are greedy and want to earn more money than they ever



dreamed of this is surely true. However, I do feel that this does not excuse the children. This problem of juvenile delinquency is just as much ours as our parents'. It is sabotage to our country and we should bend every effort to stop it, to help our parents control the situation. No other place on earth can you find the wonderful living conditions that we American boys and girls have. We have free schools, free playgrounds, moderately priced entertainments, and freedom from fear that no other children on earth have. These are our birthright and we are doing nothing to conserve it if we consciously or unconsciously violate it by being a part of the fifth column. If our parents are occupied and not able to keep the home that we once had we should readjust ourselves to these conditions to keep the family as a whole. We should make the readjustment with them. The fearless honesty of the average American girl should tell her that she is failing herself, her family, and her country if she does anything that will hold us back from victory. Many girls say, "I am only one person, I can't matter." We should learn that we all matter, that upon girls like us depends the future of our country. We are the girls who are going to marry those boys when they come back from the war. We are the girls who are going to bear their children. Some of our husbands are going to run this country after this war and it is up to us, "the girls

(rn to page 76)





SCHEDULE
FOR TOMORROW



At right, Carole cooperates in the Third War Loan Drive and as a reward gets great big hug from Owen Murphy, Jr., whose scowling countenance coupled with the words, "What d'ya mean, you ain't gonna buy no bonds!" brought him national fame when he was only seven months old. On facing page, Carole is greeted in Chicago by Bos'n's Mate Higgins and pretty Spar Marydele Stulting; entertained by the Coast Guard, hailed as Queen of Copper in Michigan on a two-day rally. It was after this strenuous trip that Carole was reunited with her husband, Capt. Thos. Wallace, on his return to the U.S. from England on his first furlough since their marriage last February.

THERE WAS a time when Carole Landis used to jot down her appointments in a small, delicately bound ostrich leather engagement book. It was dyed her favorite dusty pink and it looked just as glamorous and social as the dates it recorded.

Today the thick stenographer's note book lying beside her telephone is hardly big enough to accommodate the entries scrawled on each page. It looks like a railroad time table with every minute of the day accounted for and one appointment following the other with stop watch precision.

For she's a girl with a schedule, Carole Landis. A schedule for tomorrow. Her eyes are turned to that world promised us when the war is over, the world she feels she has to earn by working for it today.

The lighter she carries around with her has something to do with that schedule, the lighter that is just as efficient and down to work as her new memo pad. For it's the kind of lighter flyers and Navy men use, the kind that will hold its flame against the wind. No one had to see the name engraved on it to know that it had belonged to her husband, Captain Thomas C. Wallace, formerly of the Eagle Squadron and now with the U. S. Eighth Air Force in England.

"If I do everything they ask me now," she told me, "I feel I can turn down things with a clear mind when Tommy comes home, so we can have whatever time he'll be here together."

It was to meet him that she came to New York last June. She was so excited she could hardly breathe as she showed his cable to the friends waiting for her at the station. He was all packed and ready to come. He should be there sometime about the middle of the month.

"I can't wait to see him with a glass of milk in his hand," she said. "There's very little of it in England now, you know. And to give him eggs for breakfast—and a steak, the thickest one I can find."

But June went by and the promised leave hadn't come through; and then July went too, and August, and still Captain Wallace's bag was packed and waiting and Carole didn't say anything when those bomber raids over Europe were mentioned for she couldn't help but remember that of the Americans volunteering for the original Eagle Squadron that went to England before we were at war only four are left, and Tommy is one of them. It helped then, knowing she was in the fight too.

Then in the first week of September Captain Wallace came home, (Please turn to page 62)

Let's look in Carole Landis' date book. All those appointments you see are her dates with Victory, her advance payments on her share of the world of tomorrow

By Elizabeth B. Petersen

**BONDS AND STAMPS ON SALE HERE
DAY AND NIGHT, SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS
AND HOLIDAYS!**





Olivia de Havilland and Sonny Tufts in "Government Girl"

GET HEP TO

Van

Candid close-up you've been asking for—of that brilliant and brave new Johnson boy

By Liza

First portrait of Van since the automobile accident which almost cost him his life. Scar on his forehead is symbol of the courage which pulled him through. See him in "A Guy Named Joe."

WELL, GIRLS, you might as well face it. Van Johnson, that idol of American womanhood, was a Meglin Kiddie. And as precocious as all get-out. "I was the most obnoxious brat I've ever known," Van adds with a grin. When he squeezed his little plump body into candy-striped pants and a flashy coat, plopped a straw hat on his blond curls at a rakish Chevalier angle, waved a diminutive cane and sang "Dinah" in a choir-boy soprano, all the mothers in the audience broke out in dovelike coos. But the fathers winced, perceptively, and went out for a quick beer.

They weren't called Meglin Kiddies in Newport, Rhode Island, where Van was born and brought up, but it was the

same idea. Van's mother stuck him in dancing school—every Thursday night at five o'clock—when he was seven going on eight so he'd learn to coordinate better. He quickly became a favorite of the lady instructors, and of the pretty little girls in the class, need we add. And every few months when they staged a Kiddie Revue, fifty cents for the best seats, Van had a couple of good numbers.

"I can see myself now," says Van, "leaning on my cane and giving out with 'If you were the only girl in the world' while the little girls in fluffy pink dresses did Tiller girl routines back of me. At the end of the act the audience would break into hysterical applause. I strutted (*Please turn to page 86*)



She isn't young or beautiful, but she has more men in love with her voice than are lured by Lana Turner's looks. Meet Gracie Fields, folks!

GRACIE FIELDS is one of the most famous names in theatrical history. To the English, she is practically an institution. To the boys in the RAF, British Merchant Marine, and in the English Army and Navy, she is "Auntie Gracie." To many of the boys here in our own camps, she is fast becoming a favorite. Her fame as a morale builder has earned her the designation of a military objective by Herr Goebbels and Co.'s shriekingly hysterical propaganda machine. Yet, in Hollywood

where she has lived for the past few years, she is still not recognized when she appears in public!

This strange situation is about to be corrected. When 20th Century-Fox releases "Holy Matrimony," in which Gracie co-stars with Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields will be known by all—but definitely!

Gracie, despite the pictures you see of her facial contortions, is a very attractive woman. She is about five feet six, with fine fair skin, and she possesses

Great comedienne with the common touch: Gracie, shown shopping in Southern California's famous open-air market, bargains with Lena Carfora over the delicatessen.

a mature sort of glamor. She is no antique. As she blithely announces, "I'm 45. And me hair is blonde, but I touch it up, I do!"

Gracie was particularly excited about making "Holy Matrimony," her first American film of any importance. Her spot in "Stage Door Canteen" was an impressive but brief one. "Holy Matrimony," then, is her first starring picture since the days of her great successes as England's best-loved and highest-paid actress.

"I didn't like pictures much before, I didn't," Gracie told me as we were having lunch at the studio one day. "I was always having to fall on me face or go riding about on trick bicycles. I felt like a bloomin' wreck all of the time, so I stopped making faces at the camera. But in 'Holy Matrimony,' it's different. I don't fall on me be'ind once in this film. I'm a real lady in this one." She laughed and added, "In fact, I'm now a 'drahmaitic' actress. I don't even warble a note in the picture."

Most of Gracie's fans won't welcome that bit of news. After all, her fame has been largely built on her inimitable vocalizing. There's nothing that so delights her large public as to hear her climb up on a high note, crack gleefully, and come sliding down as she does in such numbers as *Walter, The Biggest Aspidistra in the World*, and *He's Dead But He Won't Lie Down*. Yet, Gracie can really sing when she wants to. Her large public will insist that she is tops when it comes to giving out with a sentimental ballad. And when she does one of her Sunday songs, as she calls her religious numbers, few people can hear her and not be truly moved. Her rendition of *The Lord's Prayer* in "Stage Door Canteen," as a matter of fact, is considered one of the film's real highlights.

Gracie has a large repertory of over 300 songs. During her six months on the air over the Blue Network, she has sung 177 songs. She likes radio, but her one worry is: where are some new songs to sing?

To go back to pictures, the only thing she dislikes about picture making is all the fuss made over her hair and her make-up.

"Imagine me getting my hair fixed up every day!" Gracie said as our conversation continued. "And always in the same way. Why, I never leave my hair in the same style more than two days in a row. And as for the make-up! Why, they're trying to make me look like a glamor girl. But it's no use. I go in the makeup room looking like never-mind-what and I come out looking like never-mind-what."

Hollywood has never been able to change Gracie and no matter how suc-
(Please turn to page 77)

Facing page catches Gracie at the microphone, entertaining soldier boys, with her mom and pop, with her husband, Monty Banks, and in a scene from her new picture, "Holy Matrimony," with her co-star, Monty Woolley.



By
Jack
Holland

Everybody's
GRACIE



"HOW to be HAPPY

Betty Grable goes for Nick Janios' Victory Plate, designed to make former meat-eaters forget their troubles.



'THO RATIONED"



Food fights for freedom, and Hollywood helps! Here, a famed studio steward gives valuable advice to Mrs. American Housewife on preparing patriotic, palatable menus

By Barbara Best

FOR ALMOST ten years, a brisk and friendly gentleman by the name of Nick Janios has been making 20th Century-Fox stars and executives happy when hungry.

Managing a studio commissary like the famed Café de Paris is no mean responsibility, what with some stars dieting to lose weight and others trying to gain it. Accomplishing the task—and healthy nutrition at the same time—is hardly simplified under the present wartime rations and scarcities. Especially when you serve luncheon daily to more than 4,000 people.

"Feeding people what they want is my business," Nick will tell you philosophically. "The government says feed them healthy; that's my business, too."

The genial maître d'hôtel is a recognized authority on the culinary arts. He's been specializing in fine foods for more than 40 years, having been associated with New York's Knickerbocker hotel and Hollywood's Brown Derby before being coaxed away in 1937 to manage the busy studio commissary.

And Nick, whose chefmanship first attained fame in the days when food was plentiful in quantity and quality, won't admit that war shortages arouse an insurmountable problem in devising nutritious and popular wartime menus.

"Something we can't get," he explains optimistically, "I think up something else. Maybe they like it better. Nobody complain."

Keeping studio workers happy—and healthy—is Nick's watchword. The pleased palate of such stars as Alice Faye and Don Ameche is his own private Oscar. And he'll go to

great lengths to serve a meal that tickles every studio eater from Darryl Zanuck himself to Zanuck's secretary.

Take a little thing like sour cream, for example. Not long ago creameries stopped making it, due to shortages of help and increases in other requirements. Nick needed sour cream to improve available and nutritious foods such as fruits, vegetable sauces, and giblet juices. It took some little persuasion, but Nick secured the secret recipe from the dairy, and now the Café de Paris makes its own sour cream.

As for the prime problem of balanced meals, you may ask how Nick maintains his standards of variety, health, and satisfaction—at the same time meeting the recommendations of the government's Office of Defense Health and Welfare services.

A look at the Café de Paris menu conveys the answer, for a sample bill of fare includes every requirement of healthy, well-planned nutrition. Some typical examples:

- Grilled halibut steak
- Baked filet of barracuda
- Poached eggs Vienna with bacon
- Duck croquette with wild rice
- Cold Dutch luncheon
- Constance Collier Salad bowl

Selection of entrées reveals one Janios secret, solution of the meat shortage problem. Meat appears on the menu only three times weekly, but Nick has (Please turn to page 82)



As maître d'hôtel of 20th Century-Fox's Café de Paris, Hollywood's famous studio commissary, Nick Janios has the privilege, and problem, of feeding such stars as Betty Grable and Laird Cregar (left). Nick is shown above with his chief chef.

King of character actors reveals here for the first time how the Hardy Family ushered him into pictures—an exclusive interview!

Squire COBURN of Hollywood

By
John
Franchey

MR. CHARLES COBURN has a very tender feeling for the *Hardy Family*. He wishes it long life, long queues at the box office. He would as leave miss a *Hardy Family* picture as pass up an opportunity to do the rhumba with Miss Carmen Miranda, of which diversion (and damsel) he is passing fond. He thinks Lewis Stone's *Judge Hardy* is "splendid," Fay Holden's *Ma Hardy* "excellent," and Ann Rutherford's *Polly Benedict* "charming." Regarding Mickey Rooney's *Andy Hardy*, Mr. Coburn really goes to town.

"A vivid characterization—very vivid," says Mr. Coburn, clapping monocle to eye, a gesture that has identified him as British by millions of fans. (He is as British as *Rhett Butler*. More anon.)

Reward for his hit performance in "The More the Merrier" is stardom for Coburn in Columbia's "My Kingdom for a Cook," in which Marguerite Chapman plays the femme lead (below). Rare photo at left shows Coburn in first and only cheesecake pose.



"Superb. Sensational, even—if I may borrow an adjective from *Andy Hardy*."

You have every right, gentle reader, to wonder how come the *Hardy* clan rates such extravagant praise from the screen's matchless mummer, a pluperfect player whose chores in "The More the Merrier" are just about a cinch to get him tapped for an Academy Award. And you have every right, gentle reader, to expect an answer. Which you are on the verge of getting. Mr. Charles Coburn has a tender feeling for the *Hardy Family* because, in a way, it was the *Hardy Family* that launched his picture career which, to borrow a word from *Andy Hardy*, is sensational.

For thirty years he had resisted the siren call of Hollywood which, to one of the shining adornments of the American stage, can be pretty enticing. It was almost a routine. Come the first let-up in the Coburn chores and the representatives of every studio in Hollywood would start beating the door down to make him a proposition, to wit: provided, of course, he passed the screen test, how would he like to be signed to a nice li'l old five-year contract at, say, \$1000 a week for the first year, \$1250 a week the second year, \$1500 a week the third year.

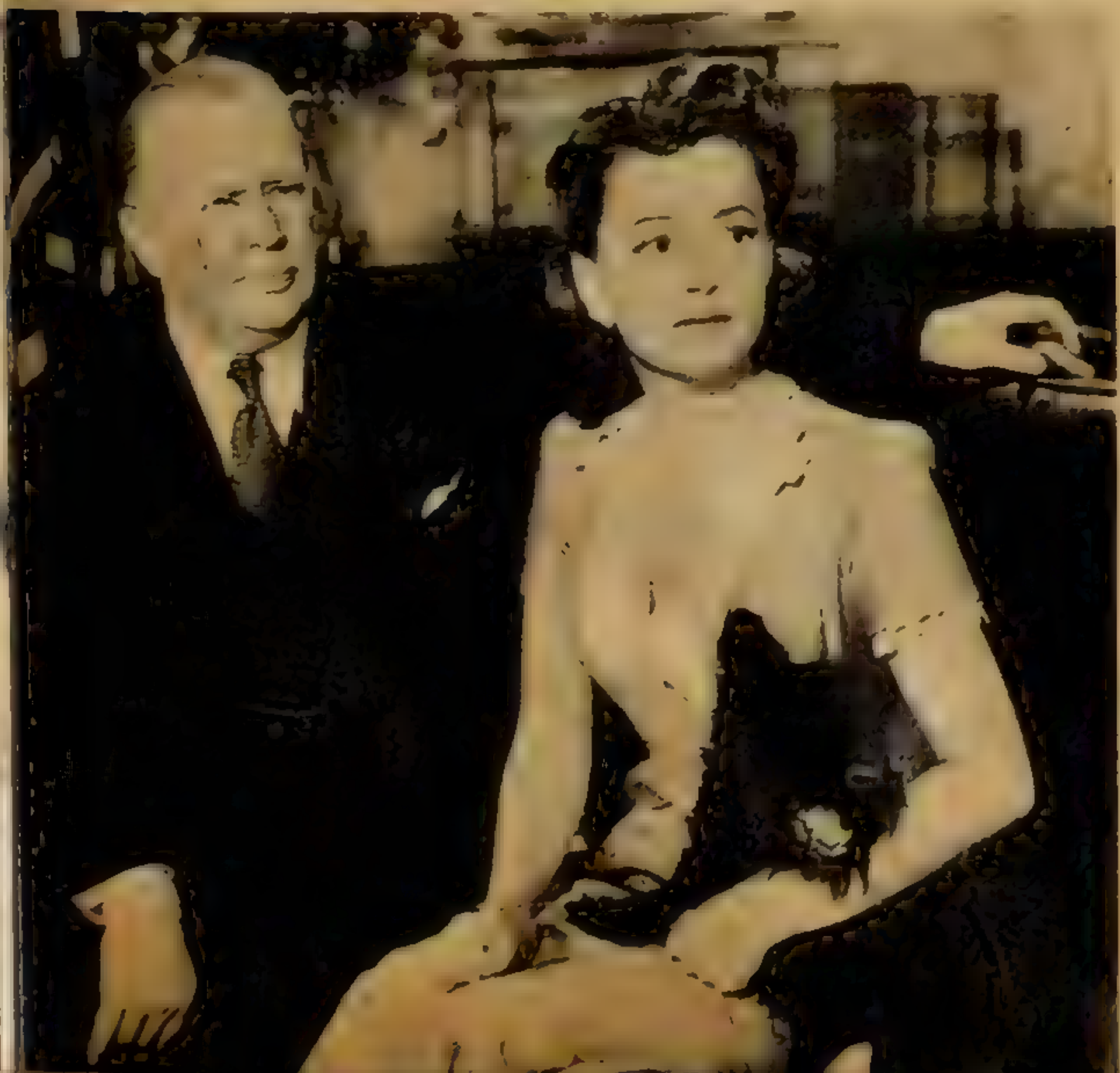
At about which time Mr. Coburn would interrupt with the query: "Doing what?"

The Hollywood representative would burst into a guffaw. "'Doing what?' That's a good one! Coburn—I mean Mr. Coburn—you're a card. Ho-ho-ho-ho! What else would you do but act? Or do you double on the tight wire? Ho-ho-ho-ho!" Eventually subsiding, he would pick up where he left off. "Well, like I was saying, we'd pay you all this lettuce, and all you'd have to do would be to go from film to film, all of them A's, mind you—playing fat character parts."

"'Character parts!'" Mr. Coburn would exclaim. "How touching! 'Character parts,' indeed! If I know Hollywood's conception of character parts, I'd go from picture to picture playing stereotypes. Let me run them off for you. First, of course, there'd be the sputtering sire who doesn't understand his impulsive, beautiful daughter. Next there

(Please turn to page 84)

Squire Coburn of Hollywood, below, with Olivia de Havilland in "Princess O'Rourke." Center, bearded for new rôle; and, right, greeting Major Ted Tetzlaff whose last civilian assignment was photographing Coburn and Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier."



Susan AT THE SHIPYARDS



Susan Hayward visits shipyard plant for the commissioning of the S.S. Jack London, the Liberty ship named for the noted author

As co-star of Michael O'Shea in the forthcoming film based on the author's life, Susan Hayward inspected the Liberty ship, S.S. Jack London, just prior to its delivery by Marinship Corporation into the merchant service. Our photos show Susan illustrating what happens when a girl applies for work in the shipyards: she is interviewed (below), finger-printed (right below), "mugged," opposite page, and Susan receives her safety hat before starting day's work as shipyard "pick-up girl" to aid in reclaiming steel scrap.

Make your neckline youthful!

See how lovely DELTAH PEARLS* flatter the natural beauty of your flesh tones! Lustrous, iridescent, creme-rose... so like precious Orientals. Necklaces and earrings perfectly-matched.

At better jewelers
L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Ann Rutherford

Lovely 20th Century-Fox Star
in "HAPPY LAND"

*simulated

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?



BY DRESSING SAFELY
SHIP CODE OF UNLAWFUL WOMEN



Jim Allen of Marinship, above, can't help holding hands with Hollywood starlet Hayward as he fingerprints her, but he is definitely camera-shy. Susan merely posed for these pictures as a defense worker; actually Miss Hayward is busy working in Samuel Bronston's "Jack London" film.

Fireworks from the new Bette Davis picture, "Old Acquaintance," in which she mixes with Miriam Hopkins, makes with the romance with Gig Young

BATTLE



In his final picture before joining up with the Coast Guard Gig Young plays intense love scenes with Bette Davis, in the rôle of a radio announcer twelve years Bette's junior.



OF THE

SEXES!



Scenes of terrific emotion between Hopkins and Davis occur when Miriam, in a violent burst of jealousy because she believes Bette is stealing her husband (played by John Loder) turns on the other woman and smashes their long friendship by repeating everything vile she had ever thought of her. It sizzles!



Though she sincerely believes herself to be in love with Gig, Bette gives him up to a young girl (played by Dolores Moran) when she realizes that the two are better suited to each other.

Lovely Anne Baxter, who can look as glamorous as the next girl, shuns the pretty for the poignant when she plays a peasant in Samuel Goldwyn's new drama of gallant Russia, "The North Star"

Glamour

Facing page shows Anne as *Marina*, with Farley Granger, Hollywood's youngest romantic acting find — the youthful leads in the stirring Goldwyn drama by Lillian Hellman. Photograph by Margaret Bourke-White, famous war photographer and correspondent who covered the actual Russian front at the period of the picture. Closeups show other actors in "The North Star," reading from top: Dean Jagger, Walter Huston, Walter Brennan, Eric Roberts, young Granger, Erich von Stroheim, and, extreme right, Jane Withers in her first dramatic rôle.

RKO Radio
Pictures



vs. REALISM





"GABBY" HAYES GETS A BREAK



Good old standby of the Westerns, George "Gabby" Hayes has his biggest rôle in "In Old Oklahoma," with John Wayne and Martha Scott

They say that when "Gabby" heard he was not cast for the next Roy Rogers sage opera, he thought he was "through." But Republic Pictures had a surprise for their grand old character man: cast him in his best part, that of a lovable old codger in the picture based on the story, "War of the Wildcats," by Thomson Burtis.



Hollywood is on a frenzied search for new faces—and figures; and the latest finds of the frantic talent scouts are these two charming young people. Miss Bel Geddes has just been signed to a long-term contract by United Artists producer Hunt Stromberg. Her first screen test makes her a leading candidate for Pulitzer Prize rôle of Evelyn in "Guest in the House." See Barbara illustrating cheese-cake art, at right. Tony Devlin, Long Beach, Cal., boy, is 6-footer, athletic, signed by Edward Small Productions, slated to appear in "The Raft."



NEW GAL, NEW GUY

Watch these newcomers: comely Barbara Bel Geddes, 19-year-old daughter of the famous designer, Norman Bel Geddes; and handsome Tony Devlin — they're scheduled for fame!



Fashion news! The great Adrian creates brilliant costumes for a great star. How do you like streamlined Deanna Durbin?



Adrian
Designs for
Deanna

Just to prove she doesn't take her new clothes personality too seriously, Deanna poses for us wearing not only three new coiffures but her famous, endearing grin! Universal has given her a lively script for her new picture, "His Butler's Sister." Adrian has designed the stunning costumes. Her previous film, "Hers to Hold," rolled up big box office grosses. No wonder the delightful Durbin is happy these days.



Black jet on black wool, below. White sequins on black, facing page. Black velvet beret topping yellow wool, right. Tailleur of taupe wool, black felt toque with coque feathers, far left facing page.



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

JANE WYMAN gave a party for Frank Sinatra, and what a million dollar evening of entertainment it was. Dinah Shore sang. So did Ann Sothorn. George Murphy and Jack Carson did an impromptu comedy routine they are going to do at Army camps later on. Then Sinatra sang *I've Got A Woman Crazy For Me*. Every glamor girl in the room sat frozen and well composed. But make no mistake, they were thrilled! Frank really has something in that voice. He's nice and modest about it, too. All of which makes it rather pathetic that those who are guiding his destinies apparently encourage the frenzied demonstrations from the slick chicks. After meeting Frankie, we can't believe *he* sincerely goes for it.

YEP, we saw it happen ourselves so we know it's true. Mickey Rooney blushed! He walked on the set one day wearing a tiny pair of shorts. As a gag everyone started whistling at him the way they do when a bathing beauty makes an entrance. Mickey had to walk the full length of the stage and he got redder by the moment. We never thought we'd live to see the day.

JUST off-hand we'd say this was rather tactless on Dennis Morgan's part. He asked Ann Sheridan if she'd mind a friend of his visiting on the set. Of course Annie didn't mind and said so. But imagine her chagrin when she looked up and saw her ex-husband Eddie Norris, standing back of the camera. Did they speak? They did. "You look much thinner," said our Annie.

LANA TURNER'S husband has been given an honorable medical discharge from the Army. Remember we told you how much trouble he was having with his feet? It was impossible to correct them. So now the life of Lana is running once again in a domestic routine. If you think she was pretty before, you should see what motherhood has done for her.

ASIDE from buying her weight in Victory Bonds, Shirley Temple is making still further effort to help the great cause. As a junior Red Cross member and junior home nursing student, Shirley is appearing in a skit at local women's club meetings which dramatizes the services rendered by home nursing students. Imagine, young Shirley is now at the hand-holding stage! For taking a pulse, we mean.

HOLLYWOOD is all out for turkeyless holidays and hopes other cities will follow suit. This year every available bird belongs to those boys who are fighting the war for us. With so many farm hands doing their share at the front, there is bound to be a turkey shortage. Bette Davis and John Garfield started in July to line up Christmas and New Year's dinners for the soldiers who would go turkeyless, if it weren't for the Hollywood Canteen.

BARBARA STANWYCK has sold the big home. Too much space and too many memories of Robert Taylor. After Bob got to his headquarters he discovered what Bar- (Please turn to page 58)

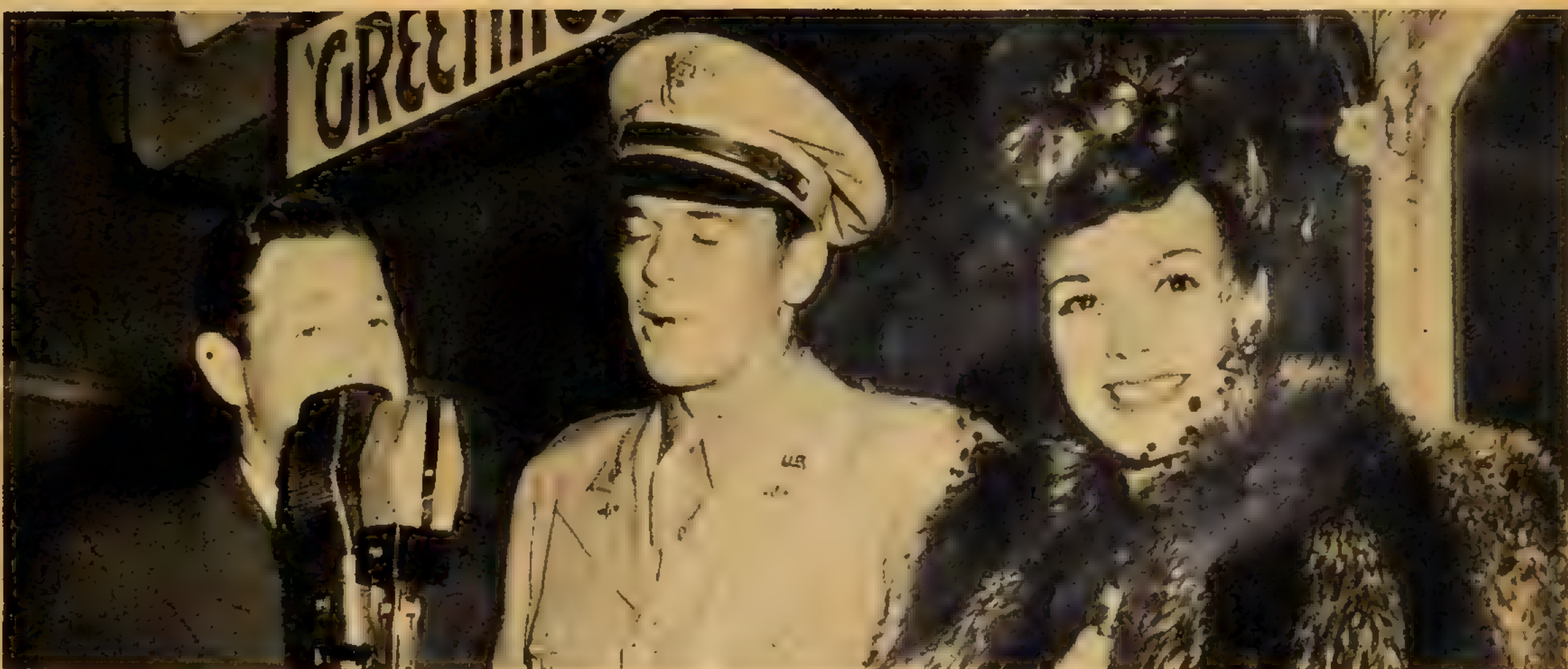
Gay group at top: Alice Faye, Frank Sinatra, Ginger Rogers, Ed "Duffy's Tavern" Gardner, at recent Command Performance broadcast at CBS; center, Wally Beery escorting Aurella Nawrocki and his cute daughter Carol Ann at Hollywood premiere of "For Whom The Bell Tolls"; right, Annabella, Ty Power, and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck registering comic concern over one empty seat at Naval Aid Auxiliary's presentation of the Brentwood Players in the heart of Hollywood.



GOSSIP BY WESTON EAST
CANDIDS BY JEAN DUVAL



Good news, below: Abbott and Costello in action again! Chubby Lou is getting better fast; huddles with his partner over blueprints of the hospital they will build at Palm Springs for treatment of rheumatic fever, from which Lou suffered six months' siege. Reading from top right: Hollywood Canteen picnic brought out Ginny Simms, Jean Gabin, Marlene Dietrich, John Garfield; Mary Pickford and husband Buddy Rogers and Basil Rathbone. Ronald Reagan, now a Captain, and wife Jane Wyman broadcast for Ronnie's brother, Neil (at microphone). John Garfield and his wife join J. Edward Bromberg at Mocambo's.





Glittering star group at left above includes Dinah Shore and her steady beau, Private George Montgomery; Alexis Smith and her fiance, Craig Stevens; Joan Leslie and her escort, Bob Hutton. Above, friendly cheek-peck by Jimmy Ritz makes pretty Ann Miller giggle. Closeup at left shows Kay Francis with noted author-artist Ludwig Bemelmans.

Claudette Colbert, now playing Shirley Temple's mother in "Since You Went Away," is shown, left, at Mocambo's with producer Bill Goetz. That's Mrs. Goetz, Claudette's best friend, in background. At far left, Mickey Rooney with newest heart-throb, Helen Mueller, one of the Columbia "Cover Girls" from New York. She's as tall as his ex-wife Ava Gardner.

bara had done for him. Every sock, handkerchief and piece of underwear had his name attached on a neat label. Barbara sewed them on herself. The rest of Bob's civilian clothes have been put away in storage. Barbara is living in a small house in Beverly Hills. Like every other wife, she watches by the window for the mailman.

THEY were shooting a scene for "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves," where Maria Montez (wearing a smile and a few bits of gauze) was on a litter being carried by Central Avenue "slaves." Between shots an interviewer was asking Maria what part all this played in the story. "Oh, this has nothing to do with the actual plot," Maria assured her inquirer. "They're just shooting me in this sequence for the sheer beauty of it!"

NOW that M-G-M has failed to exercise its option on Phil Terry, everyone is expecting him to follow Mrs. Terry (Joan Crawford) over to Warner Bros. This studio, by the way, is searching for the right story to co-star Joan and Errol Flynn. They feel the combination will be surefire at the box office. Could be!

ACCORDING to Gracie Allen, Bing Crosby is the richest actor in Hollywood. "He has five horses he hasn't eaten yet," says Gracie.

NICE as they are, no one could ever accuse George Montgomery and Dinah Shore of being the life of the party. Dinah never touches anything stronger than ginger ale. George only drinks cokes. In their spare time they

go hunting and whisper sweet nothings in the moonlight. It's romance, all right.

NOW that she's earned her overseas campaign bars, Captain Martha Raye hitchhikes just like any other soldier. Recently she arrived at a party given by Orry-Kelly and told an amusing story. A civilian she thumbed a ride with kept looking at her out of the corner of his eye. Finally he said, "When the war's over, you ought to get a job in the movies. You look like Martha Raye, only prettier. I'll bet you could act rings around her, too!"

PIN-UP mother is what Betty Grable's going to be when her baby is born next summer. She couldn't be more thrilled over the prospect of welcoming the Harry James heir or heiress.

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE



Little girl, big voice! Salute to Kathryn Grayson, whose piquant charm combined with a surprising coloratura makes her screen's new singing sensation

In its big all-star musical show, "Thousands Cheer," M-G-M presents a fresh, provocative personality who looks like a lovely imp, and sings like an angel



In scenes with José Iturbi; himself a new screen sensation (above), and with popular Gene Kelly (top left), Kathryn Grayson more than holds her own.



little guy in show

name is Donald
or. Donald is the
e's mother wanted
mother wanted to
he name his mother
ne his father liked.
onald likes; one of
nald Colman, and
ons being that a
it was his lucky
ere's something to

rouper all save the
n years, and knows
de. The O'Connor
, fairs, tent shows,



Donald O'Connor "cuts a rug" with Judy Garland at the double birthday party in honor of Donald and Peggy Ryan, his screen dancing partner, at the Barney Oldfield Club.

medicine shows, country clubs, and vaudeville theaters from the Palace in New York to the Orpheum in Los Angeles. When he was thirteen months old he was dancing the Black Bottom. When he was five, dressed as a little girl, he was singing with a lisp, *Keep Your Sunny Side Up*. His first picture offer came when he was thirteen. He and two brothers were appearing in a benefit performance in Los Angeles when an assistant director from Paramount spotted him. He was signed to play the kid in "Sing, You Sinners" with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray, and was such a hit that Paramount put him under contract. He made eleven pictures. But the O'Connors were restless, the act couldn't do without Donald, so when they got bookings for big time theaters in the East,

D told Hollywood goodbye. But so that his brother Bill died, at 26 and that broke up the act. Then came World War II, and the O'Connors found themselves down to their last thin dime. Hollywood, way out there in the orange groves, looked pretty good now. So when Donald's agent wired him fare to the Coast, Donald hopped the first train. Universal promptly signed him on the dotted line, and stuck him in a little number called "What's Cookin'?"

What, it seemed, was cookin' was Donald O'Connor. After four or five of these inexpensive, juvenile musicals, the studio discovered that most of the fan mail arriving on the lot was for young O'Connor. And most of the preview cards read, "Give us more of Donald." Universal was quick to take the hint. They believe that audiences are the best talent scouts. So they made Donald a star, and upped the budget considerably on "Mister Big." Ready for release soon are "Top Man" and "This Is the Life."

Despite the fact that Donald is a seasoned performer, he's still a typical eighteen-year-old American boy. His pride and joy is an old jalopy he constructed with his own hands from two cast-off models of Henry Ford's earlier engineering endeavors. Total cost to Donald was \$37, saved from the allowance of \$20 weekly doled out to him by his mother. He'd rather tinker with that jalopy than eat, and that's really something. He likes every kind of sport, and goes regularly to the fights at the Olympic. He has been working so hard the past few years he hasn't been able to keep up with his golf, but he likes to recall that in a tournament that Bing Crosby was in, in 1938, he won 24 quarts of oil. When he isn't working he goes to school at the studio from 9 to 12. His easiest subject, he says, is American literature; his hardest is French—he's been taking it for a year but can't seem to get beyond page 23.

Like most actors, he is very sentimental. He has a gold watch, belonging to his father, that has been all over America ten times. He has his first tuxedo—the one he wore in the act when he was four years old. His favorite picture of himself was the one taken with Billy Curtis, a midget. When he was a kid he and Billy used to pal around together, and Donald was tickled to death when people thought he was a midget, too. He and Billy used to dress alike—suits and spats and silver-headed cane, and have a wonderful time fooling folks. When he got too big to be a "midget" he decided he wanted to be a John Barrymore.

When he got a raise in salary several months ago he bought a house for his mother. He paid \$5,000 cash. It's a small place, has three bedrooms, and a gadget-equipped kitchen. His own place is above the garage in the back-yard. He hasn't furnished it yet because he is torn between the South Seas atmosphere and something modernistic. When his mother doesn't feel up to par Donald pitches in and does the cooking. His specialty dinner consists of creamed carrots and creamed peas, and a thick steak.

Everybody in Hollywood likes Donald. He's such a friendly guy. No one has ever called him a "smart aleck." That makes him practically unique.

older and would *ad lib* or contribute a funny bit of business to the act, his mother, who controlled the family purse strings, would pay him off in small diamond rings. Which in time, as Donald got more and more laughs, became bigger and bigger. He wears a goodly size sparkler today, mounted in a gold setting.

Donald's mother made him wear a Buster Brown hair cut and pretty, cream-colored suits in the act, and the kids in the towns where the act played were always calling Donald "sissy." One day in a middle western city, Donald stepped out into the theater alley for a breather between shows—they often did five and six a day—and met up with a most obnoxious character. "Hey, Goldilocks," he sneered, "I betcha got lace on your panties." Donald knew his mother would pin his ears back if he got his suit mussed before the next show, so he pretended he hadn't heard anything. But the guy kept heckling him, until finally Donald couldn't stand it any longer. He pitched in and beat him to a pulp. (His father had been Chuck Connors, professional boxer for years, so Donald came by his good fists naturally.) Then he straightened his collar and his diamond ring and marched back to his dressing room. He grabbed the scissors and cut off his hair. "That was the zootiest haircut I ever had," he says with a grin. "My poor mother took one look at me and cried for days." After that he was known from Chicago to San

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY !

SHE USES POND'S !

Adorable Rosemarie Heavey's engagement to Pvt. Lee E. Daly, Jr., unites two Baltimore families dating back to colonial times



HER RING—has eight small diamonds either side of the solitaire. It is an heirloom diamond worn by Lee's mother and grandmother.

THIS YEAR, the carefree days of Baltimore's Cotillions seem very far away to Rosemarie and her friends. "All my crowd are war workers now," she says. "With our men in the services we feel *we must* do something, too."

She is training with American Airlines in Washington to fit her for any job around the airport that a girl can do. "I've never worked harder, but I *love* it," she says.

"And am I grateful for my Pond's Cold Cream when I come off my shift at 8:00 A.M.! It's wonderfully refreshing to smooth that nice cool cream over my tired, grimy face. It leaves my skin with *such* a clean, soft feeling."

She "beauty creams" her face like this:

SHE SMOOTHS on Pond's snowy Cold Cream, then briskly pats it over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

SHE "RINSES" with a second Pond's creaming to help get her face *extra* clean and *extra* soft—swirling cream-coated fingers around in little spirals—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off.

Do this yourself—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups.

ROSEMARIE HEAVEY HAS ENDEARING SOUTHERN CHARM . . . a halo of gold brown hair . . . a complexion exquisitely soft and smooth. "I just trust my face to Pond's Cold Cream," she says. You'll love this soft-smooth beauty care with Pond's for your face, too.



LEARNING TO BE A HANGAR HELPER . . .

Rosemarie clears baggage being loaded on a plane. She will soon take over a man's job at one of the big airfields.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE—In many areas women are needed to fill men's places—in stores, offices, restaurants, utilities, laundries, community services. Check Help Wanted ads—then get advice from your U. S. Employment Service about jobs you can fill.



War caps coming
Save present plastic or metal cap to use later.

There's a glass shortage

so buy one big Pond's jar instead of several small ones. It saves glass now needed for food jars.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT lovely engaged girls like Rosemarie, beautiful society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Britain's Lady Doverdale prefer this soft-smooth cream. Buy your jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.



If you lead him by the heart... if you lead in the activities and drives of today... if your crowd happily follows your lead... choose Varva's "Follow Me," the *parfum* that leads—and lasts!.....Extract, \$1 to \$15

Extract, \$1 to \$15

Face Powder, six guest puffs, \$1

Talc, 55¢; Sachet, \$1 & \$1.75

Bath Powder, \$1

Bubble Foam, \$1

(plus taxes)

Follow Me by
VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

19 West 18th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

entirely unexpectedly as wartime home-comings are apt to be. But Carole found she couldn't keep that promise she had made to herself. For the Third War Loan Drive had begun, and Carole had pledged herself to help. There was the trailer she was making for the Treasury Department, the speeches scheduled for her. She didn't back out of any of the appearances that had been planned for her, except one or two when other stars, remembering how Carole was always the first to volunteer, substituted for her.

Everyone knows of the trip she made with Martha Raye, Kay Francis and Mitzi Mayfair to entertain our troops overseas. They went to England, Ireland and North Africa and by the time they had made 150 personal appearances and given 125 shows, they had travelled some 50,000 miles by plane, truck and jeep. Once the bomber they were travelling on was attacked by ack-ack and they gave performances so close to the front line in Africa they had to spend a lot of their time in shelters while the Messerschmitts roared overhead. Yes, every one knows of that trip and admires the four courageous girls who made it.

But there aren't many people who know about the other trips Carole makes, trips that aren't exciting and adventurous as that one overseas, rather humdrum trips, trips in which nothing more happens than that the air-cooling system breaks down on a train or the water cooler is out of order or the diner has been taken off to accommodate an extra day coach. She hasn't turned down one of these uncomfortable trips, going to places where the USO doesn't usually reach, or to Bond rallies or any other place the Government sends her.

Weekends that used to be spent resting or playing tennis or visiting are gone. Carole spends those weekends going far into the desert or down South to camps so far away from a town that week-end leaves for the boys mean only hanging around quarters with nothing to do. She's gone to the same camps four and five and six times, changing her songs and hoping only the boys wouldn't get sick of her. (Aside to any of you boys listening in. It isn't a gag. The girl means it.)

We had lunch together a few days after she came back from Michigan. It was a fifteen hundred mile trip to the copper country for the two-day rally under Army, Navy, War Manpower and War Production sponsorship, and its double purpose was to celebrate the centennial of the discovery of copper in the northern peninsula and to stiffen the morale of the miners, so important to our war effort.

She had a broadcast the evening she left, with a repeat for the West Coast scheduled at 12 o'clock, and her plane for Chicago was leaving at one. Every second counted getting out of the gold lamé evening dress she was wearing and packing it in her bag, dressing in travelling clothes and then, with a motorcycle escort clearing the way, arriving at La Guardia with two seconds to spare.

Two soldiers in the plane, sitting in front of her, didn't recognize her. They were going home on furlough and they were in high spirits and very conscious of the entrancing blonde girl behind them. They began to sing, and Carole who can never resist a chance to harmonize hummed along with them. In the middle of a song they faltered and one of them turned asking if she knew the words. She leaned over toward them and sang in a low voice the song she had sung at the Stage Door Canteen to thunderous applause only a few evenings before. When she finished the boy said, "You have a real nice voice."

The plane arrived in Chicago at six in the morning and Carole, to quote herself, was a pretty tired and bedraggled character. She wouldn't have wanted her own mother to see her at that moment and consoled herself with the thought that at that hour there wouldn't be any interviewers or cameramen to meet her.

But she was wrong. She was met by a barrage of candid cameras, each of them manned by an eager Reserve Coast Guard man. There were hundreds of them announcing she was to have breakfast with them as they took one shot after another. Carole grinned at the Spars there to meet her too, knowing only other women would know how it felt to be photographed at that moment. And it was harder for her knowing the glamor demanded at all times from a star.

So there was breakfast and an impromptu performance instead of the hour and a half rest at a hotel. Gone was the luxurious hot bath, the half hour's sleep, the chance to freshen up. Gone were her accommodations for the train to Wisconsin too, which she was to have picked up at the station, for by the time the boys took her to the train the gates were already closing. Running frantically with the Coast Guard Reserves clearing the way she just managed to make the train.

When she got off at Green Bay to take the hundred and fifty mile automobile trip to Iron Mountain, Michigan, the station was packed with people welcoming her. After all, hadn't she been born in Wisconsin, wasn't she their own particular star? Carole couldn't just say hello and goodbye to people who had waited for hours to welcome her. Even though the train had been late and she had to make the long trip in much less time than had been planned she gave one of those straight-off-the-shoulder speeches of hers and it helped later to know that Green Bay had oversubscribed its quota of bond sales that afternoon.

There hadn't been a diner on the train and Carole hadn't eaten since breakfast. But there wasn't time to stop. One of the State Troopers escorting her to the Michigan line raced ahead on his motorcycle as they were approaching a town and bought sandwiches and coffee at a drugstore and Carole ate as the car sped on. She had to get to that rally in Houghton on time. The copper in that section of Michigan is vitally important because of its quality and not enough of

THIS SUPERIORITY OF PHILIP MORRIS RECOGNIZED

by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . .

PROVED
far less irritating
to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

These findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do *prove* PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating to nose and throat.

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



it was being mined. Men have to go over a mile in the ground to get to the rich stores of ore and working conditions are difficult. Miners were leaving for Detroit and other defense centers, whose output ironically enough partly depended on the mining of that very copper they were abandoning.

"We were awfully late," Carole said. "The owner of the hotel had dinner waiting for me knowing I had missed the one that had been planned before the rally, but there wasn't time to eat it. I just had time to run a comb through my hair and fix my face a little before I was rushed over to the auditorium. Something happened to me when I saw all those men sitting there waiting. They had long, hard hours and they were desperately tired, but still they had waited. Their wives and children had waited too, because they had never seen a movie star before. I'd have liked to sing for them, maybe tell them things about Hollywood. That's what they wanted, I know, but it wasn't what I was there for. We were in a war and we were all fighting it together."

So instead she talked to them of the boys in Africa, some of them who might have been their sons. She had seen those boys and had talked to them and as she spoke those listening men felt as if they had been in Africa too, as if they had seen and talked to those boys too.

"I think at first they were disappointed," Carole said. "But after a while I saw they were interested. I told them I knew how hard their working conditions are, but I told them that our sol-

diers' working conditions were even harder and that their day was never over. Those boys never complained. The food isn't so good at the front, supply lines are difficult to maintain, and they don't have beds to sleep in. Even army cots seem like those marvelous ads for mattresses to boys who spend night after night in foxholes, when they have a chance to sleep on them. And yet the only gripes I ever heard were from wounded boys, impatient to get back and finish the fight.

"And I told them too that the first thing those boys asked us was, 'how are the folks back home, do they know there's a war and are they behind us?' We always said, 'of course,' but we couldn't always believe it ourselves."

It was an honest speech, a down-to-earth speech, and it struck home. Those men forgot they had wanted to escape from hard work and monotony for a little while, that they had wanted a taste of the excitement that is Hollywood and that instead they had been brought smack up against the reality of war. But they knew the slender girl who had talked to them so forcibly had a right to talk the way she did, that she had earned that right by her own unstinting efforts. They stood in line to shake hands with her afterwards, to promise as they filed past her: "Next time you see those boys tell 'em we're behind them all the way."

There was another trip and another talk in Calumet and a military parade the next afternoon in Hancock, before the rally being held there that evening.

"I was to be hailed as the Queen of

Copper and they had made a crown for me and asked if I wouldn't wear an ermine coat. It was a terribly hot day for that part of Michigan, over ninety, as a matter of fact, and I'm afraid that even if I had an ermine coat I would have looked pretty silly. But I remembered that gold lamé dress and was awfully glad circumstances had forced me to take it along. For the little boys and girls running along beside the float, I wasn't Carole Landis at all, but all of Hollywood, the Hollywood they had never approached before, the Hollywood that was all the mythical kingdoms of their fairy tales, and now they were actually seeing it."

The rally that night was over at ten thirty and then there was the long trip by automobile again. Even longer this time because she couldn't possibly make the train connection at Green Bay for Chicago. She drove until five thirty in the morning, stopping at an all-night lunch wagon for a cheeseburger on the way. Her plane was leaving at seven fifteen and that meant the luxury of being able to stop at a hotel for a brief rest before making it. It was only then Carole realized she hadn't slept for thirty-six hours.

But she wasn't tired. She couldn't allow herself to be tired with all those dates waiting for her in New York, the dates that she has to keep in order to be right with herself. For all those dates jotted down in that stenographer's note book of hers are Carole Landis' dates with Victory, her advance payments on her share of the world of tomorrow.

*Handy little
gadget...*

for Women and Men

The only different
under-arm deodorant
—it's in **SOLID** form



*it's Cleaner!
it's Fragrant!*

Glide it on
without fingernail
mess

The Bar that Bars perspiration odor
...economical... pleasant to use...
will not rot dresses or men's shirts.

LOR-ODO

BY *L'Orlé*

If unobtainable in your locality, mail this coupon.
L'ORLE, INC., 6 East 39th St., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find \$_____ for
_____ packages of LOR-ODO for WOMEN.
_____ packages of LOR-ODO for MEN.
at 55¢ each (includes tax and postage)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Captain Gable, "Grim and Gay"

Continued from page 22

bruised and bleeding with their craft battered too. Clark is the narrator and he appears in some of the actual flying sequences. To gain the active experience necessary, he went on a recent mission but nothing will persuade him to describe it. He does not consider it looms important beside the many operations which most of the other airmen on the station have done.

"There was a lot of flak," he remarked, "I'm told there always is. We were up around 23,000 feet, I guess. The only thing that bothered me was when I felt hungry coming back and opened the sandwich-box. Nothing in it—the other boys had felt hungry first!"

Clark is pleased for you to meet his crew, for he believes they should steal the picture, not himself. These tough young men grin unaffectedly as they grasp your hand. Like the rest of the Air Corps, they take Captain Gable on his merit as a man, uninfluenced by the fact that he was the movie idol of millions not so long ago. Fliers live for the job and they do not make personal inquiries when a new captain of gunnery comes to the airfield. "Has he got the gen?" they ask, in the picturesque phrase they have borrowed from the R.A.F. Sure, this one knows all the technical stuff and he's a good guy. O.K. then. He's in the fight.

So it's a world away from Clark Gable of the honeyed screen dialogue and the romantic background to this tall tough airman in the leather coat and the heavy brown shoes, standing in the shadow of his Fortress and talking about its points. He clambers into the cockpit to demonstrate the instruments, explains an intricate detail of the machine-gun sighting, grins at a passing sergeant who once baled out when the ship was a complete wreck and dropped 4000 feet before he could open his parachute. This Gable is serious and efficient, like well-tempered steel, waiting to strike when the signal shall be given.

He lives just like the rest of the air-crews, in his own little section of a wooden hut, with a narrow iron bed covered with Army blankets, a bare bureau and the inevitable stove in the center of the room. He eats with the other boys at a long table in the mess, using the hard-wearing blue and white Service crockery and helping himself from the generously heaped metal containers the white-coated cooks carry in. Maybe it reminds Clark of the days when he was an aspiring extra, eating at the studio cafeteria and reckoning out how much he could afford to spend for lunch that morning.

There are no towns near the airfield, set apart amid the rolling green fields and woods of an eastern county which the Nazis have many times scarred with their bombs. So Clark could not see a movie even if he wanted to, for the local theater is miles away and, always provided he could borrow one of the few precious bicycles on the station, he still couldn't make it in the short evening

break which is all an airman on service is permitted while he is detailed for duty.

Along with his friends from the crews, Clark occasionally walks through the winding dusty lanes to the little village under the hill and has an evening glass of beer at the inn, which he has learned to call "the pub" in proper English fashion. They drink in a small low-roofed parlor, sitting on square old-fashioned benches, with a tall oak grandfather's clock solemnly ticking away the time in the corner as it has done for more than a hundred years. The sturdy red-faced landlord beams at them paternally from over the brass-railed bar and the scent of the garden roses and the verbenas comes drifting to them through the open casement. They talk about flying, exclusively and whole-heartedly. Their companions are the farmers and the woodsmen who have lived all their lives in this quiet corner of England, with sometimes a couple of green-sweatered Land Army girls, contentedly weary after their long day's work on some neighboring farm.

Clark never talks with the girls in the pub, as some of his fellow-fliers do. He does not seem conscious that women exist in the world of today, so utterly engrossed is he in this arduous dangerous job he has chosen for himself as his contribution to the war effort. Many of the Fortresses on the airfield have tenderly reminiscent names painted on their noses—there is "My Girl Jean" and "Lovely Laura" and simply "Gertie," with a snapshot of that pretty brunette, back home in Pittsburgh, carefully fastened in the cockpit. Clark's plane is christened "Belly Gun," cold but appropriate for its fat body bristles with machine-guns. When he does write his brief air-mail letters to his friends back home, Clark's news is bald and hardly personal, the same for the women as the men. There is no lovely screen star in Hollywood who can truthfully boast that Clark Gable sends her regular mail or keeps her photograph beside his cot.

Making this new film for the officers and men of the Air Corps means con-



Laraine Day and hubby Ray Hendricks at the Palladium opening of Charlie Spivack's band.

siderably more than acting and talking for Captain Gable. He has to interrogate the combat crews for ideas about equipment and clothing, listen to their views on air strategy, take down notes of their experiences when they return from their missions, often in the cold dark hours of the early morning. Sometimes he must travel to London to consult with the senior staffs there, and only then does he get a few hours of relaxation before returning to the job in hand.

One hot summer day Captain Clark Gable did see a movie, "Casablanca," at the Regal Theater. Then with a couple of officer friends, he walked across Mayfair to dinner at a restaurant which has become exceedingly popular with U. S. personnel, probably because they like its gracious panelled walls and soft green carpets and courteous elderly waiters and general atmosphere of quiet distinction. They had soup and roast pork, with fried potatoes and cauliflower, and then it was pointed out to them that they had reached the five shilling limit laid down under the food laws so they had to do without dessert.

It is a strange life for a famous screen star, so long accustomed to the brilliance and the glamor and the luxury and the wild adoring crowds. Yet Clark seems as cheerful and content as any man could be, stimulated by the certain knowledge he is playing his fine worthwhile part during these breathless days of history.

Every morning he finds time to read "Stars & Stripes," the U. S. Army newspaper in England, so he knows something of what film folks are doing both in London and at home. I talked to him about Burgess Meredith and Gene Raymond, both over here wearing khaki like himself, and then we discussed "The Shipbuilders," a new British movie in which Clive Brook and Margot Grahame are playing, and Clark laughed understandingly when I told him how Vivien Leigh, posing in a classic white chiffon gown for her portrait by famous Augustus John, complained it made her feel like *Scarlett O'Hara* as an angel!

When conversation passed to Laurence Olivier, producing and directing "Henry V," with all Shakespeare's peerless prose so faithfully reproducing the Battle of Agincourt, Clark's eyes gleamed with a sudden new light. "That's what I mean to do after the war," he said. "It's the man back of the cameras who makes the film—I've learned that these last weeks."

So when Captain Clark Gable has finished his job and goes home to Hollywood, maybe he will take up an entirely new rôle in the studio. That is only a dim speculation at the moment for he cannot spare the time or energy to dream ahead when the demands of the present are so vitally possessive. Tough and vigorous, patient and determined, Gable today typifies everything that Winston Churchill had in mind when he spoke of the warrior who is "grim and gay," the resolute fighting man who thinks of his country first and foremost.

Editor's Note: As we go to press we hear that Captain Gable has won the 5-Star Air Medal for "exceptionally meritorious achievement while participating in five separate bomber combat missions" over enemy territory.

Confidence is a feather dancing on your hat

It's a splash of sunny yellow—blithely perched on black. A lighthearted posy tucked in your hair.

For to a woman, confidence is the wonderful magic of little things. Eyes shining through a misty veil. Chin tilted high to the sky. Tricks that do so much to perk up your courage in a world that needs you brave.

So always, always be wise about small habits that add up to confidence—little luxuries that help a lot—yet cost no more. Like choosing a finer, softer sanitary napkin that gives you many longed-for extras. Modess.

Greater softness. Heavenly comfort. Modess is made with a special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers. 3 out of 4 women voted it softer.

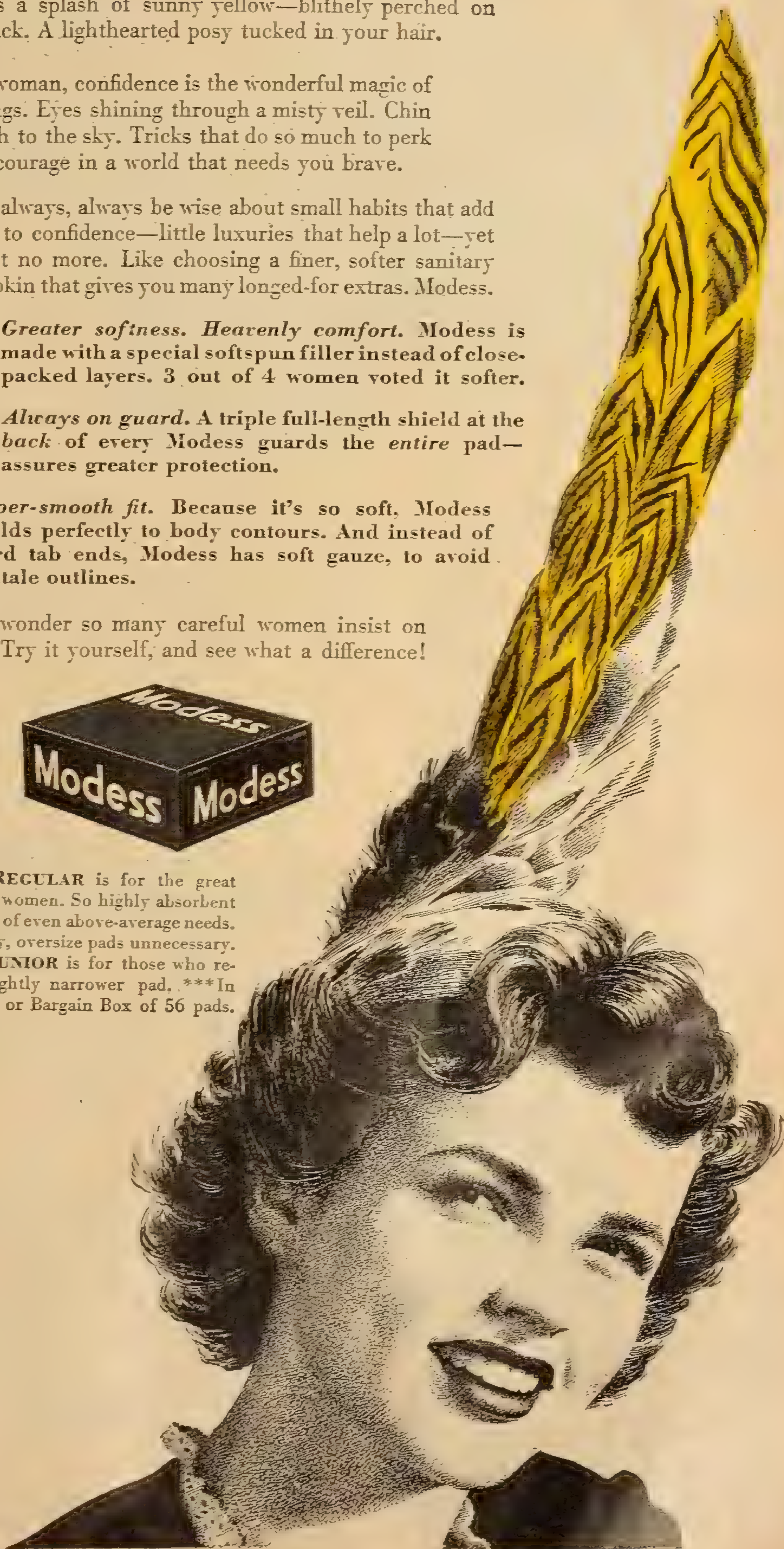
Always on guard. A triple full-length shield at the back of every Modess guards the entire pad—assures greater protection.

Super-smooth fit. Because it's so soft, Modess molds perfectly to body contours. And instead of hard tab ends, Modess has soft gauze, to avoid telltale outlines.

Is it any wonder so many careful women insist on Modess? Try it yourself, and see what a difference!



MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, oversize pads unnecessary. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower pad. ***In boxes of 12, or Bargain Box of 56 pads.



With Bob in Britain

Continued from page 23



MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Glamorous
Hollywood
Star

**A Little Secret
WORTH A MILLION
to your
COMPLEXION**

It's TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP—The secret of soft, natural-looking radiance. With this exciting new make-up from Hollywood, your complexion seems to take on a living veil of loveliness... never any dry, pasty, made-up look. Its non-drying effect on the skin is the special feature of TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP. See how perfectly it goes on in a new easy way, helping to conceal tiny blemishes—giving a fresh, youthful glow that lasts all day or all evening without retouching!

TAYTON'S six Cake Make-up shades were created to harmonize with natural skin tones. Many tests were made with Technicolor movie films—as well as tests in both daylight and artificial light, to assure the most flattering effect. Choose your own lovely shade today. Be sure you get TAYTON'S CAKE MAKE-UP, the favorite with so many in Hollywood.

LARGE SIZE

39c

Guest Sizes, 10c
and 25c at your
10c counter.



TAYTON'S
TECHNA-TINT
CAKE MAKE-UP
America's Most Glamorous
Cosmetics
Tayton—HOLLYWOOD • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

"You've got some children, haven't you, Bob?"

"Girl and a boy. I've been so busy these last months they haven't seen a lot of me at home but I did get there for a while just before I started out on this Army tour. When I was leaving, I called out: 'Good-bye, Linda. Good-bye, Tony.' They called back: 'Good-bye, Bob Hope. It's been nice to have seen you.' Sort of making a personal appearance in my own home, you know."

"So this is your favorite picture of your kids, eh? The one you always carry around in your pocket. They don't look very much like you, Bob."

"What d'you mean? They're clean and well-dressed, aren't they?"

"Do you see any great difference in London now compared with the last time you were here before the war?"

"I surely do," grins the irrepressible fun-maker. "When you wanted something then, you just rang the bell for the waiter and ordered it. Now you smile at him until he feels like he'll come across and you ask sweetly: 'Please have you got any today and do you think I could possibly have just a very, very little, if it won't be too inconvenient?'"

It was the merriest, gayest party London has enjoyed for a long while past, this welcome to Bob Hope and his fellow-players come from New York by way of Alaska and the Aleutians to entertain the United Nations troops in Britain. They made their journey by air, the last long stage huddled uncomfortably in the bomb-store of a giant Liberator, too cold to even eat. "I didn't bring Orson Welles with me but I certainly had his beard along," Bob remarks feelingly.

It all lasted happily late into the evening—much longer than Major Currie of the USO had intended it should—and when Bob finally did leave, he found an excited crowd of autograph fans swarming round his car so that the military police had to clear the way for him. He drove away leaning out of the window and waving his hat at a pretty blonde, "Because," he said, "she makes me feel homesick for Dottie Lamour, only she's a brunette!"

That is Bob Hope as London sees him in public, the successful comedian who was born in its pleasant suburb of Eltham nearly forty years ago, one of seven children in a modest old-fashioned home. But there is another side to Bob's character which he doesn't display to the world and the reporters, when he puts off his brilliant mantle of fun and foolery and reveals the practical essentially efficient man who is underneath, planning and organizing his complex activities of screen and stage and radio.

It's a different Bob who sits at a flat-topped desk in his own hotel room, looking through a sheaf of business papers air-mailed from America and talking with the men who are arranging his programs for his British trip. Perhaps it's the spectacles he puts on, or maybe it's the new expression on his face. Looking at Bob Hope when that face is creased



Kent Smith, in the rôle of a wounded American aviator, is supported by Anna Sten, who plays his nurse, in his first attempts to walk again in this scene from "The Girl from Leningrad," a new United Artists production.

with contagious laughter, you usually fail to see the shrewd capability in his dark eyes or notice the definitely determined line of his chin.

Despite all the calls on his time, Bob reads the newspapers and magazines thoroughly, so that he can properly assess the topical value of his jokes and gags. He asks pertinent questions about the new British films in production, the more keenly interested because he is considering situations for his next "Road" picture which he will make with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour this winter. "We'd like to call it 'The Road to Tokyo,'" he says. "Maybe we will be able to, who knows?"

Bob eats carefully, sleeps seven hours a night and does regular physical exercises to keep himself fit while on this highly strenuous show tour. It wasn't exacting for him in London, when he entertained the boys and girls in uniform in the great Odeon Cinema in Leicester Square nor even in one of the small towns where U. S. soldiers literally blocked up one narrow street in their eagerness to enter the local theater for Bob's show. But when it came to the huge sprawling camps and airfields which have sprung up in the heart of the countryside, keeping up to the itinerary calls for real endurance and cheerfulness.

Bumping up rocky lanes in a jeep while the rain pours down in typically English torrents and then dressing in an igloo-hut with five minutes to spare. Getting a blessed hour's relaxation between shows and still managing to ease off the bed with a willing smile when somebody wants him to pose for a snapshot with the boys. Signing for all the doughboys and Tommies and shy young ATS girls who ask him. Spending his one free day in five weeks of intensive work making a screen short to be included in the newsreels for a war charity. Staying overnight at the old mansion that was Major General Mark Clark's first headqu

in Europe, sleeping in the same narrow cot and washing in an earthenware bowl on the bureau because this ancient residence doesn't possess anything so modern as a bathroom. Handing out candies and cigarettes bought with his own money, though he didn't tell the audiences that. Dancing until midnight in the big hangar at an R.A.F. station rather than disappoint the blue-uniformed WAAFs, even though his feet were already weary after three full shows and some impromptu fooling on the tarmac that day.

These are just a few of the highlights of Bob's British visit, a splendid example of generous willing service, a grand and gallant trouper who is proud to help his country and the men who are fighting for it in the best way he knows. "I'm genuine Lease-Lend," he explains with a twinkle. "I'm going to ask Mr. Wallace what he wants to do about me."

To Bob himself the most precious hours of his stay in Britain must have been those he spent with his family. His old grandfather, ninety-nine-year-old Mr. James Hope, lives in a little cottage in the pretty Bedfordshire town of Hitchin, tended by his daughter, Mrs. Simon, Bob's own "Aunt Lucy" who got the thrill of her life when she found herself appearing by proxy in "The Road to Morocco" with Bob. Bob went to visit Granddad on his first day in Britain, sitting down at the table in the parlor—the same round mahogany he knew as a boy and the same flower-patterned best china service—to have tea and home-raised tomatoes and home-baked cake for which Aunt Lucy and Cousin Jean had been saving their rations for weeks past so that it would be just the same kind of fruit mixture which Bob had enjoyed twenty years ago. Old Mr. Hope used to be a builder and the family intended that Bob should take to the business too. Granddad was sorely disappointed when Bob decided he preferred to go on the stage but he never raved or ranted at the ambitious youngster so the friendship between them always stayed green and firm.

Bob brought lots of gifts for his relatives. A stout walking-stick for Granddad who finds it difficult to get around—he is stone-deaf now but Bob's facial expressions and his gestures still make him chuckle and nod delightedly. Stockings and a woolen coat and a handbag for Aunt Lucy, who received them with ecstasy and gave Bob a hug and kiss because, "I've used all my clothing coupons, you see." Gadgets for the household and a box of gramophone records and an album filled with photographs of himself, his wife and children at their home in California. Bob didn't forget any of those thoughtful little intimate things which bind families together even when oceans divide them. [Editor's Note: Mr. James Hope has passed on since the above account of Bob's visit.]

That quiet thoroughness is typical of Bob Hope. He hides it under his sparkling quick-fire funning and his air of nonchalance, so that it isn't always apparent even to his greatest admirers, but it is still there just the same. We like to think ourselves it is the inheritance of his Irish background because we are too vain and proud of Bob.

FRANCES GIFFORD AND FRED BRECKNER, JR.,
HOLLYWOOD MOTION PICTURE STARS



"Speaking of Love,"

says *Frances Gifford*



"...keep your hands thrillingly smooth." A man loses interest in you if your hands look uncared-for, feel grate-rough. And why shouldn't you have nice hands? You treat yourself to specialized, practically professional hand care, right at home—by just using Jergens Lotion regularly. Too busy? Why—Jergens Lotion takes no time; leaves no hampering sticky feeling.



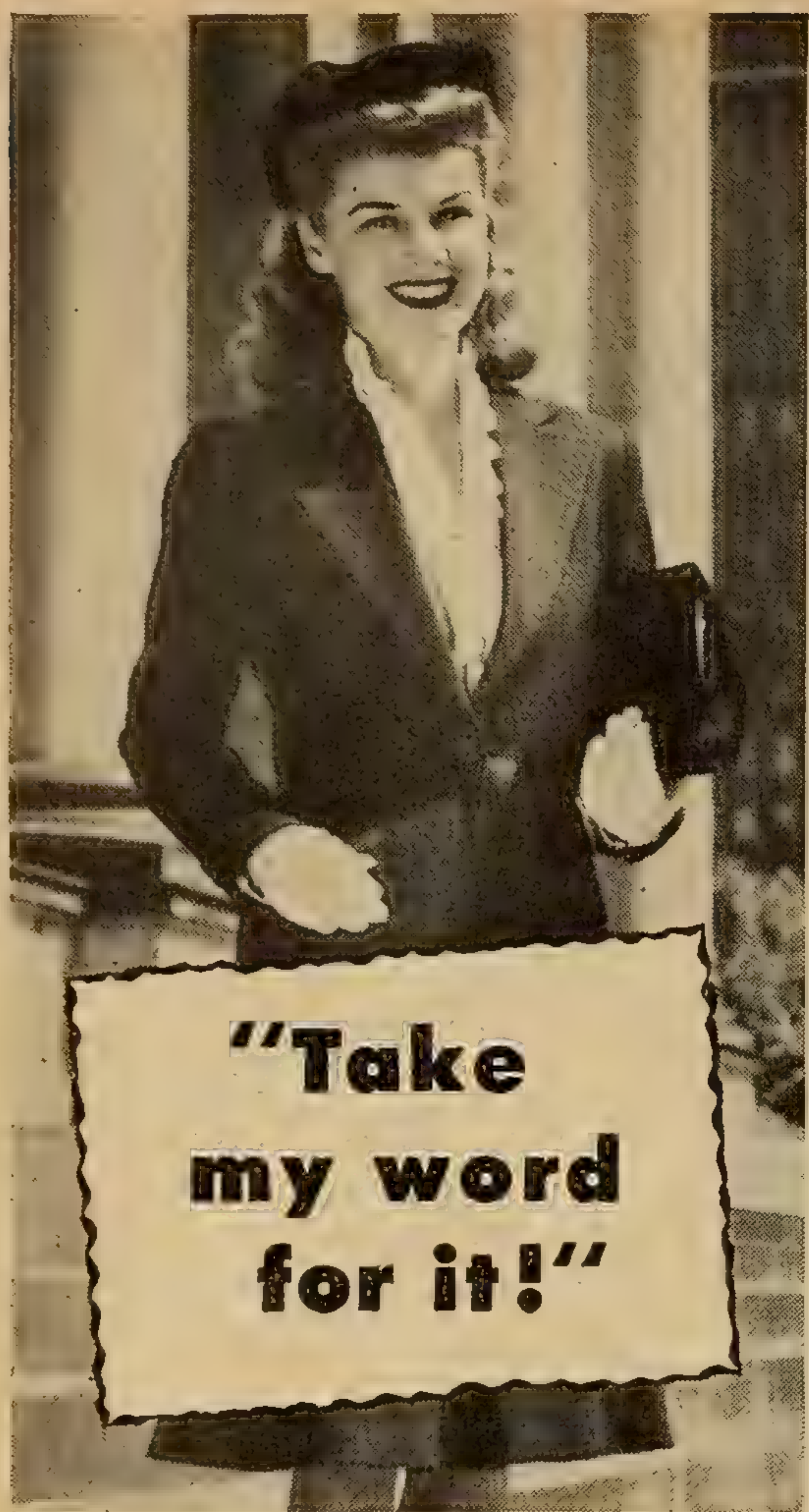
"The stars use this hand care," says Frances Gifford. Yes—7 times as many of the Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion as any other hand care. Perhaps because 2 ingredients in Jergens are such perfect skin-smoothers that many successful doctors prescribe them. Help prevent roughness and chapping. Use Jergens Lotion. Frances Gifford uses Jergens.

JERGENS LOTION

for soft, adorable hands

Mae West and the Man Shortage

Continued from page 33



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

"Take my word for it, Tampax can make a vast difference to your comfort and your disposition during those vexing days of the month" For Tampax is worn internally, requiring no belts, pins or pads and causing no odor or chafing. And so one woman says to another, "Take my word for it—and start using Tampax."

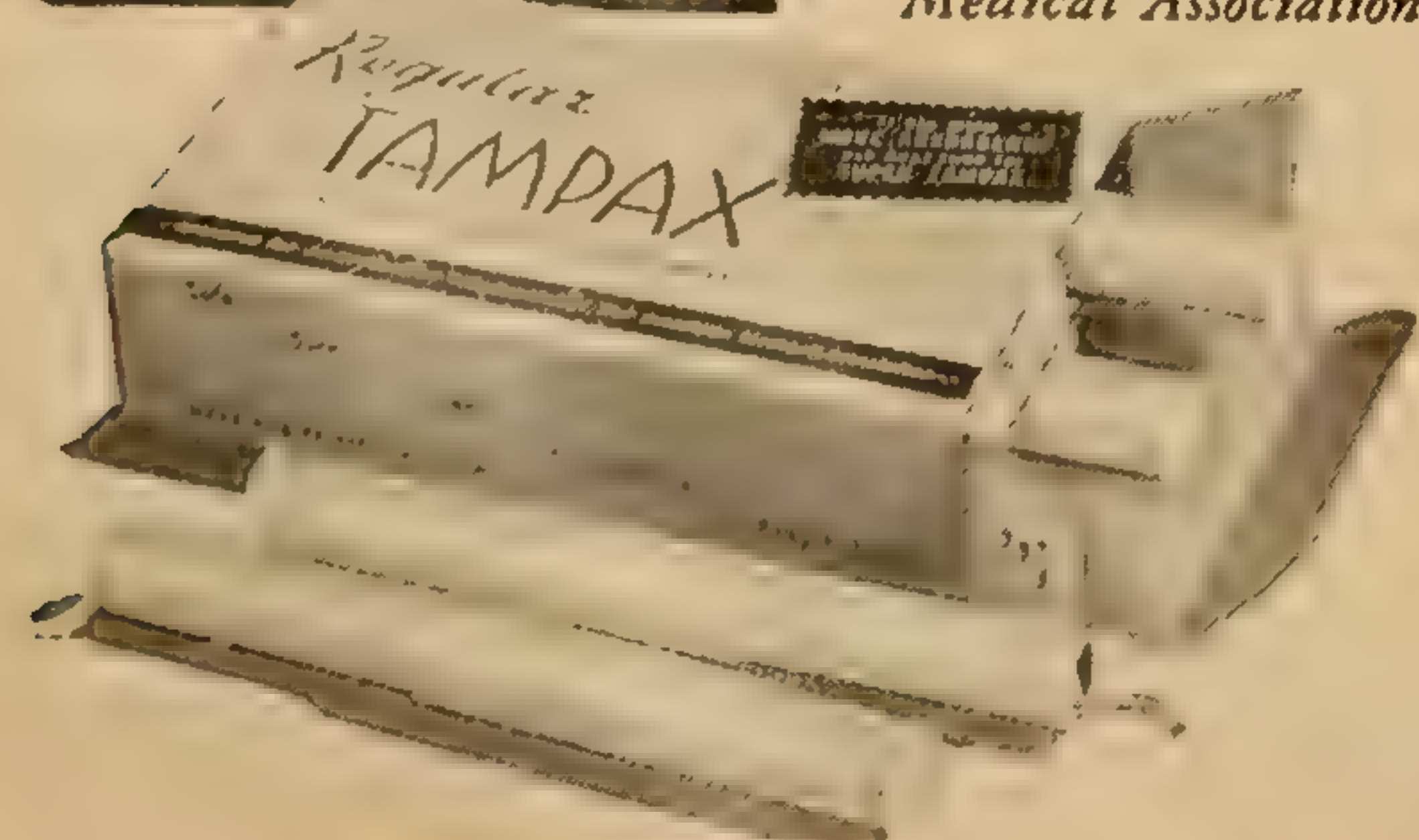
No bulging or bunching beneath the costume can come from Tampax, and the user herself cannot feel it when in place. Made of pure surgical cotton, it is very compact to carry in purse and very handy to change by means of patented individual applicators. Your hands need not even touch it. Tampax is particularly neat under slacks and may be worn in tub or shower.

Tampax was perfected by a physician and comes in 3 different absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 lasts 4 months, average. Buy today! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



a whole pound of the stuff. There was a dame who didn't believe in rationin' anything—let alone men! She should never have agreed with England's Dr. Joad. He proposes since there aren't enough men left to go around, that Great Britain change their marriage laws—so men can have a half dozen wives. Catherine would never have taken a sixth share in any husband. Once she insisted that a young officer friend keep pace with her coffee drinking, but after the third cup the drip promptly fainted with a heart attack. What a woman! What stamina! What coffee!"

Mae was sitting in the wings of a theater set at Columbia Studios. A Mae who is full of surprises. She's discarded her pads and her puffs and her bustle, but none of her wisecracks, to play a modern charmer in "Tropicana." In a low lilting voice with a Brooklynese accent, Mae still gives with her jokes and funpoking at the figure of *Diamond Lil* and her philosophy on men.

"Now, these women who write to me and want a few tips about men and love," Mae continued in that lilting tone, "they keep wonderin' since most of them are workin' for the duration, what they should do when the war stops. Should they go right on supportin' themselves—and the home? I tell 'em that I think a woman may owe a man a good lovin'—but not a livin'. If they want to hold their men, they can think that over!"

"If a gal figures her pay envelope will attract a man's attention, it will be her own fault if we enter on an era of spoiled men. Ever since I discovered a man will sue his wife for alimony I began to wonder if chivalry was dead. But personally I think it is only taking a siesta. Most men are still gentlemen if a woman makes 'em believe they are. They try to live up to her expectations."

"Of course women, now that they have stepped out of the home and into the man's business world, are becoming used to standin' up in street cars and carrying their own packages—not to mention buyin' their own theater tickets. It's got so that if a man opens a door for a lady to go through first, he's the doorman. But that's all due to the manpower shortage. Most likely the doorman will be a woman."

Mae excused herself to play her next scene. I walked down and sat at the back of the set, right next to Mae's stand-in, Edna Eckert. Miss Eckert is blonde and a bit Mae Westish. She and Mae used to go to dancing school in Brooklyn. She's always worked for Mae. "Miss West is the grandest girl in the world. No one is as big-hearted and thoughtful as she is," Miss Eckert said.

Mae, minus twenty pounds and her bustle, came across the stage. Her dress molded to her curves as naturally as Mother Nature placed 'em, with a matching hat a foot and a half tall if it was an inch, perched atop her pale blonde hair. Black-tipped ermine tails extravagantly adorned the shoulders of her gown

and her hat and created a mammoth muff. Her hair hung soft and long to her shoulders in a loose roll, page boy style. Some of her famous diamonds, a bracelet, earrings completed the picture.

For two hours Mae spoke her lines for "Tropicana" with Alan Dinehart—typically Westian in flavor. Alan plays a stage impresario, and the two were seeing a Broadway show, in which he hoped to induce Mae to star. He asked her if she liked the musical numbers—"Will you say yes?" he implored. With just the right intonation that reveals a reply within a reply, Mae said, "I always say yes, to a good number."

"C'mon up and see me sometime," she invited me later, backstage. "It's my standard standing invitation."

So it was that I arrived at the Ravenwood Apartments in the heart of Hollywood, which has been Mae's home since her arrival in Hollywood. Some say Mae owns them. Others report she is superstitious about the number "8"—which is part of her residence. "I was born on the eighth month of the year on the 17th. 1 and 7 make 8! I live in the eighth suite and my telephone number adds to eight. So does my car license and my ration book. '8' is very lucky for me, since I've always been very lucky. There are eight keys in a piano octave and an octave is perfect harmony—so I figure '8' is my lucky number."

Mae's apartment is something like you have never seen, not even in the movies. It is completely her own idea. Everything expresses her individuality—blonde! Blonde femininity. The furniture, the walls, the piano, all blonde. Once, six years ago, the entire carpeting was blonde-white. Whether Mae has changed her mood, or visitors who "came up to see her sometime" didn't shake the dust from their feet properly before setting foot on her white carpets—Mae now has deep mulberry floor coverings. In the living room two huge polar bear skins with glass eyes stare at you. The walls are mirrored and the furniture of white satin and blonde chamois is Louis Quinze. There's a statuette of Mae, without her bustles. On the wall is an etching in pretty much the same manner—which is fetching, to say the least.

Handsome miniatures of Mae's father and mother occupy an honored place on the piano. Mae resembles her mother who was a great beauty and belle of the '90s. Her father was "dark 'n' handsome." Mae's mighty proud of Jack West who was an Irish featherweight boxer. Her mother was French. From the two Mae gets a lusty love for life.

Mae was wearing a chic black chiffon dinner dress, closely molded. And some diamonds. Long before Carmen Miranda dreamed of platform shoes, Mae was wearing four and five inch heels. Her own invention—and the reason for that undulating walk which is slightly maddening to the male population.

For two years now Mae West has been "between pictures." Why? And what

has she been doing in the interim? What is she going to do next? Ever since Mae came to Hollywood to start a revival of the Gay 90's with her plays of sex in corsets—her "Diamond Lil," her "She Done Him Wrong"—she's been a Hollywood institution. Like Eddie Cantor's banjo eyes, Chaplin's mustache and cane, Veronica Lake's peek-a-boo bang.

"A gal should have some surprises up her sleeve," she said. I'm introduc' my new figure in this picture. I was up to 135 pounds and now I'm down to 115. I just eat half as much. No chocolates which I love. But then the war had somethin' there—to add to my will power. I have sorta forgotten about bread and potatoes. I eat to keep up my strength for no man can be interested in a girl who doesn't have pep!

"Women have been livin' up to women's ideas for a good many years. They thought it was smart to discard their curves and be skinny. But a skinny, boney woman has never been any man's idea of a real woman. Ask any man and find out. I think women have got wise to themselves now. I pioneered the return of curves—back when the boyish figure was the style. But curves have never been out of style with men."

Interested in the war effort, Mae has given both time and money as well as diamonds. In fact we talked about war and Mae related: "Speaking of fronts, the boys of the R.A.F. named their life-saving jackets their 'Mae Wests.' I wrote and thanked the boys and I told them, I've been in 'Who's Who,' and I know what's what, but it's the first time I've ever made the dictionary.

"It's sorta nice to be flying with those brave men. Each trip out, there I am with them by proxy in the form of a life-preserving jacket."

Mae was born in Brooklyn. She was a child actress in vaudeville. In 1920 she was an established star on Broadway. A Brooklyn policeman saw Mae in her high-collared diamond necklace in a show. He said she was like an old sweetie of his in the Bowery days, "Diamond Lil." Mae's fertile brain went into action. She asked the cop if he had any pictures of *Diamond Lil*. Sure enough, he resurrected some from an old trunk. *Diamond Lil* was the Lillian Russell type of the '90's.

"I went home and told Mother I had a new idea. We tried some padding and I got myself dressed up like the tintypes. I was 'Diamond Lil.' I wrote myself some dialogue and tried it out at home. Everyone laughed. The folks were amused to revive the period of their youth. My friends were amused to see a period they had heard about and didn't know.

"I dressed the type and talked modern and it did all right."

Mae has a way with men, no doubt. She's got lots of theories—in fun. But thinking them over, they're practical, too. Mae's pictures have always found long lines of men stampeding the box office. Now, in this man-shortage crisis, are writing her for advice.

"Love—good old-fashioned love is what men want," she says, with a smile that could be serious. "If you want to hold your man—there's no place like in your

"Me—I never have
ABSENTEE HANDS!

My hands
are always
on the job.

Smooth and comfortable
because I protect 'em
against ground-in grime
with **HINDS**. A **HONEY**
of a lotion for busy hands!"

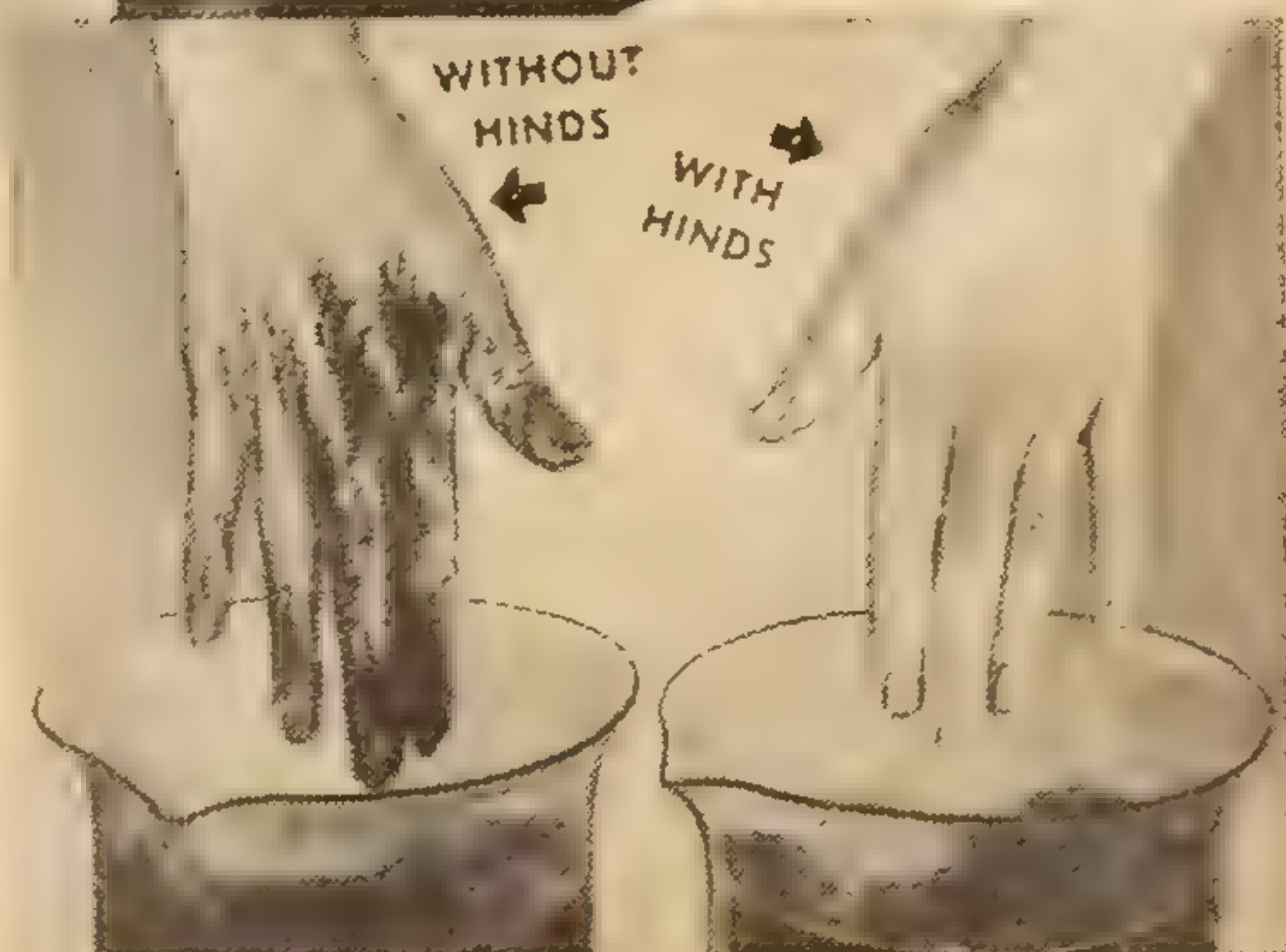


Uncle Sam
needs more women
working. Apply:
U. S. Employment Service.

PHOTO AT RIGHT shows results of test. Hand at left did not use Hinds lotion before dipping into dirty oil. Grime and grease still cling to it, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!

BEFORE WORK—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to reduce risk of grime and irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis—"Absentee Hands"—if neglected.

HINDS HAND CREAM IN JARS—QUICK-SOFTENING, TOO! 10¢, 39¢. PLUS TAX.



AFTER WORK—and every wash-up—use Hinds again. Even one application makes your hands feel more comfortable, look smoother. Benefits skin! On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

HINDS for HANDS

at home
and in
factory!



SONJA HENIE—
Star of 20th Century-Fox's *WINTERTIME*
takes time out to chat with her pet canary.

There's a New Star in Hollywood Now!

It's a star among pets—a bright little creature with perky manners and a golden voice. All Hollywood has taken canaries to its heart—and all America is following its lead! Your home, too, will be brighter, happier, with one of these inexpensive, easily cared-for pets. And, remember, 4 out of 5 canary owners in Hollywood use French's Bird



Seed (with Bird Biscuit) to help keep their pets healthy, happy singers!

OWN A CANARY
The only Pet that Sings

GOOD NEWS FOR PET LOVERS!

French's brand-new canary book is ready! 36 pages of information, superb color illustrations, pictures of canaries raising a family, and intimate photos of famous Hollywood stars with their canaries. Here's proof of the fun you're missing if there isn't a canary in your home! Mail the coupon below, **IT'S FREE!** today, and get your copy.

R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
2543 Mustard Street
Rochester, N. Y.

Kindly send me, without charge, a copy of the new French's canary book, "Keep a Song in Your Home".



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

(Paste on penny postal card and mail)

The Case of the Missing Star

Continued from page 25

as soon as these glamorous chores were finished, so was Maureen O'Hara. She vanished again. In her place was Mrs. Will Price, with no cosmetics on her fresh skin, auburn hair brushed carelessly behind her ears, and dressed in a simple navy blue dress she'd just purchased. Briskly she packed Maureen O'Hara's luscious wardrobe into a trunk and shipped it West, with a great sigh of relief. Then she set foot on the train bound for Quantico, the Marine base where her husband was stationed. In her small bag she carried three new wash dresses, two nightgowns, a toothbrush and some underthings; and in her purse she carried a lipstick.

All the way down on the train (and later in Quantico), nobody asked for her autograph and nobody gasped, "That's Maureen O'Hara!"—because, as usual, nobody recognized the pretty young woman as anyone but what she is, a Marine wife. At the station one person was waiting expectantly—a young Marine with a round, happy face and twinkling eyes. And of course he wasn't asking for any autographs—he was just eagerly waiting for his wife. They ran into each other's arms like fifty more couples in the station, and then they climbed into a taxi and clung to each other again.

Young Mrs. Price stayed for three weeks. She lived with another Marine wife, Mrs. James Daly—who was once a stand-in for movie star Maureen O'Hara, and whose husband had just left Quantico for a far distant base. With them was Wendy, Sue Daly's four-year-old daughter. They shared Sue Daly's big apartment, and they shared all the slaving work that apartment demanded, since they had no maid and no laundress. They cooked, swept, washed dishes and scoured floors—with the thermometer stabbing 98 degrees. Every two hours young Mrs. Price told young Mrs. Daly, "Well, another dress just wilted!"—and, being immaculately neat, she'd take it off and douse it in a basin of suds.

And every time little Wendy said, "I want to go to a movie!", or Sue Daly said, "We need more toothpaste," or all of them said, "We're completely out of bread, eggs and milk," they would start out on the blistering sidewalks and walk to the market (one mile away) or to the theater, drugstore, and Post Exchange (three miles away)—the two Marine wives, with Wendy hopping beside them. On weekends they almost ran the three miles to the Marine Base—because weekends Will Price got overnight leave; and then the three adults would stroll back, with Will and Mrs. Price swinging hands, talking and calling to Wendy who would take advantage of the lack of attention and go adventuring in neighbors' gardens.

That was their life until Graduation Day. Then young Mrs. Price had the

supreme thrill of a wartime wife—she pinned Lieutenant's bars on her husband's shoulders. And the next day she faced the lowest point in the life of a wartime wife—the knowledge that her husband's duties were now such (and his future location so uncertain) that he would almost never be able to see her.

So that left Quantico empty and meaningless, and the two Marine wives decided to go back to California, where Wendy and Sue Daly would live with Mrs. Price for the duration. But for twenty-four hours before they left, they literally lived in aprons, with brooms and mops sprouting from their hands and the smell of disinfectants heavy in the air—for, like all departing Marine wives, they had to leave their apartment so spick and span that it would pass strict scrutiny by Marine inspectors. They stood trembling in the midst of their spotless seven rooms when the inspectors came, flashing lights behind every radiator and running fingers over window-sills and mouldings. "Satisfactory," the inspectors said then, and Sue and young Mrs. Price ran to sign the papers that released them from the apartment. And then, exhausted, they finally were on the train for California.

They stopped off, though, for three cool and restful days in the small town of Magnolia in Mississippi. This was to see Mrs. Price's family-in-law—her only family in all of America, because, of course, she comes from Ireland. She hadn't seen them in a year and a half, since she'd married their son, and it was wonderful now to sit in the gracious old house with its comfortable rooms and huge shade trees, after the heat and work of Quantico. They talked of Will, and young Mrs. Price walked with older Mrs. Price in the camellia garden. But soon they had to be off again. (Because, out in California, that mysterious Maureen O'Hara was wanted in a new picture.)

Just for a second, and from a distance, young Mrs. Price's home in California looked exactly the same to her as they drove toward it up Stone Canyon Road—a low white ranch house set into a green hillside. But as the car pulled into the driveway, Mrs. Price gave a horrified cry: "Sue!" she shrieked. "Look at it—it's only been closed two months—but look at it!" Sue looked, and sighed with her friend. Because the garden was wildly overgrown and weedy, and the house, once they were inside, was full of settled dust and the smell of closed rooms.

So the two Marine wives took off their hats, sent Wendy into the back garden, and set to work again—this time scouring a house to live in, not to leave. Meanwhile, Mrs. Price made some telephone calls—and soon her canary was delivered at the door. ("Leatherneck" is its name!) Then a truck arrived with

**WHEN YOU GIVE A CHRISTMAS WAR BOND, YOU
GIVE FREEDOM — THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL**

two dogs barking wildly to get out and get back home—an Irish terrier named Fion, and a Great Dane by name of Tripoli. After they'd been welcomed, the canary hung in the living room window, the larder stocked with food again, and the house cleaned, Mrs. Price and Mrs. Daly were all adjusted for the duration. Around them lay the happy little house, burnished and shining from the gay yellow kitchen to Mrs. Price's flowered cretonne bedroom, with its huge four-posted canopied bed. Everything was just as it used to be; even the pale yellow Haviland plates hanging on the dining room wall had been washed, dried, and hung back in place. Yes, everything was just as it was—when Will Price lived there, too.

Only then did the two Marine wives relax. Young Mrs. Daly sprawled on the sheepskin rug in the library, showing Wendy pictures she'd found of the movie star Maureen O'Hara. But young Mrs. Price went quietly into her bedroom (which used to be Mr. Price's room too), and shut the door. She went over to the window seat and sat down among her collection of dolls—her one point of argument with her husband, who never could see the reason for collecting sixty dolls. She picked one up—a colored Mammy doll—and held it against her tightly, and began planning a murder. It wasn't a new plan to her. She'd planned it often before.

It was the murder of Maureen O'Hara, that movie star, which will make things even more difficult for the bewildered Bureau of Missing Persons. You see, some day Mrs. Will Price is going to take that Maureen O'Hara and kill her dead—so that she'll never exist again, not even on the screen. In her place there will only be Mrs. Will Price, Mr. Will Price, and a half-dozen little Prices. Because that's the way young Mrs. Price pictures her future—a future in which she runs a real home for the only thing that really matters to her in the world, which is Lieutenant Will Price.

But until that murder takes place, and certainly until the war is over, young Mrs. Price is going to be right where she is now—in the house that her husband bought for them both. She'll try to live her life exactly as it was with him, for his sake. She'll read a lot—mainly murder mysteries!—and she'll listen to classical records, and she'll see her friends Veronica Lake and Gene Tierney, whose husbands are also at war. And Father Laharte, a priest whom she and Will met one midnight running to a fire, and who's been a best friend ever since.

Mainly, though, she'll be devoted to that house which means so much to both her and Will. Yes, young Mrs. Price will keep it spotless clean, and she'll put flowers in every room, and she'll work like one possessed in the garden until its trimness seems unchangeable—because she believes firmly in keeping her house exactly as it was when Will was there, so she can write him about it. Or, better yet, so he can see it for himself, if he should unexpectedly walk through the door one day and back to her again!

For your records, Bureau of Missing Persons, that just about sums up the Case of the Missing Star.

"What's happened to our Marriage?"



1. I met Stan when I went to work in a war plant. We fell in love, were married . . . and at first had a beautiful life. Then suddenly . . . a barrier between us! I, who counted so on our precious hours together, was crazy with grief!



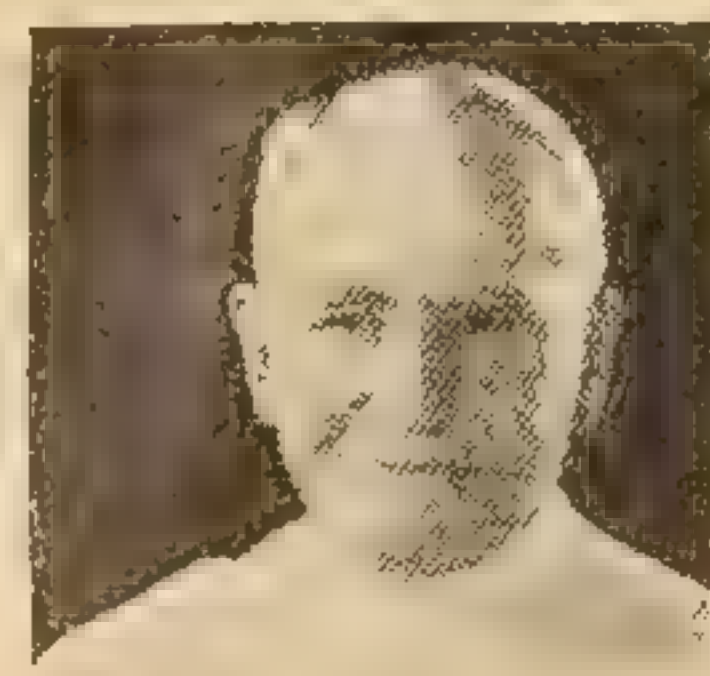
2. Then one night, we went out with Kay and George, our closest friends. Later, Kay and I were alone and she asked why I looked so tragic. Anxious for sympathy, I told her my troubles. "Sue, darling," she said when I finished. "It's so simple. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love if she's neglectful about . . . well, about . . . feminine hygiene . . ."



3. "See here, Sue," she suggested. "Why don't you try Lysol disinfectant? My doctor recommends it for feminine hygiene . . . says many modern wives use it." Then she told me how this famous germicide cleanses thoroughly . . . deodorizes, too. "And besides," she added, "Lysol's so easy to use. Just follow directions—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."



4. Now, Stan and I are more happily in love than ever before! Kay was absolutely right about Lysol. It is easy and economical to use—and it works wonderfully!



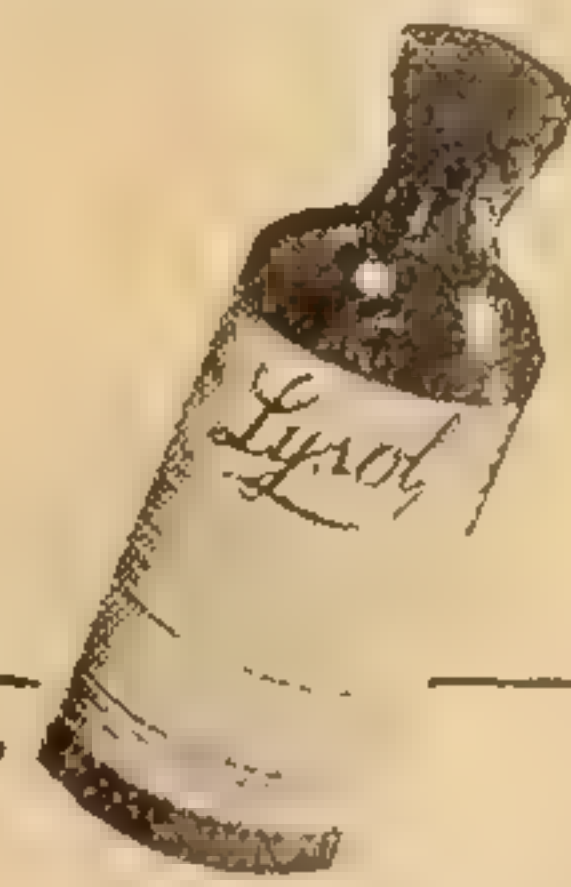
Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copyright, 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet S.-1243. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

**OLD FASHIONED
"SOAPING"
MAKES HAIR DULL...**



HALO MAKES IT RADIANT!

Try amazing Halo Shampoo that reveals natural brilliance of hair

FOR glorious hair that shimmers with dancing highlights... for rich, unclouded natural color... try the exciting new discovery, Halo Shampoo. Halo is your easy way to new hair beauty.

All soaps, even the finest, leave dulling soap-film on hair. But Halo—made with a patented new-type lathering ingredient—contains *no* soap, cannot leave soap-film! Rinse away Halo's luxurious, fragrant lather—no bothering with lemon or vinegar after-rinses. Your hair dries so silky-soft, so shimmering with highlights, so easy to manage—your whole personality is glorified!

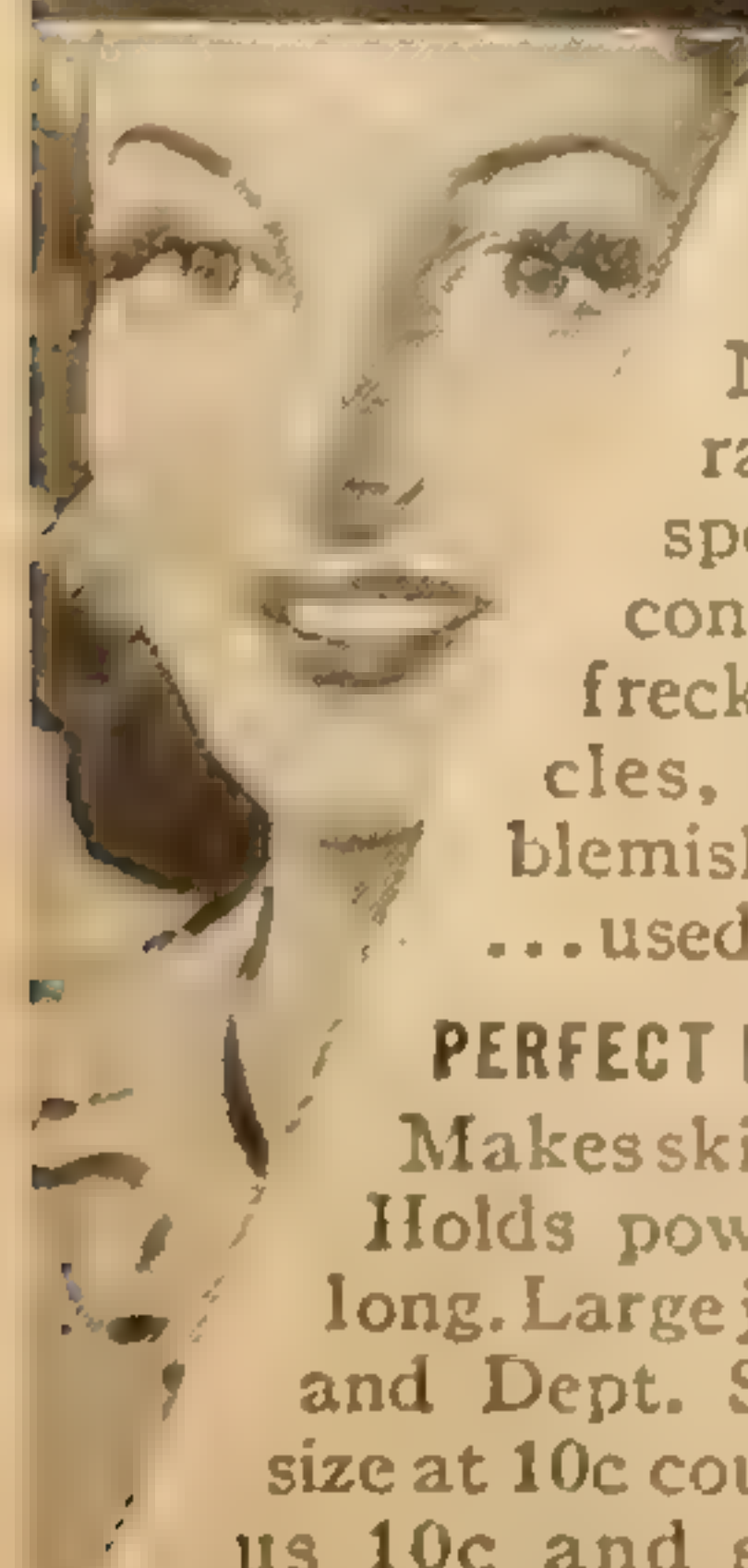
Don't wait another day to try Halo Shampoo—10¢ and larger sizes.

A Product of
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



**REVEALS THE HIDDEN
BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR**

*Don't be a Hide-out
use
Hide-it*



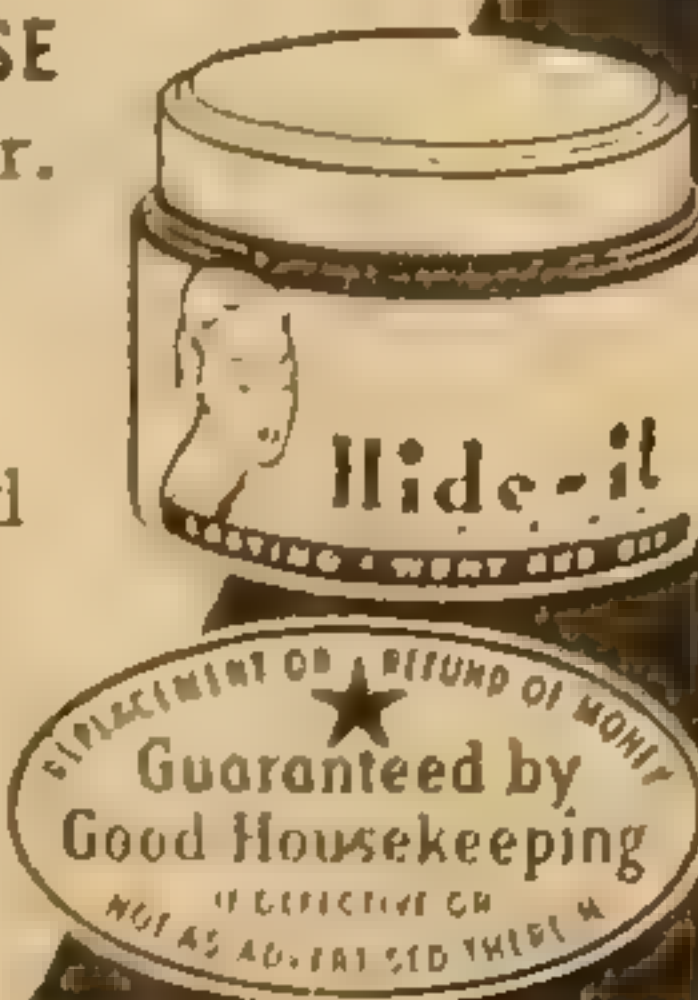
**SEE HOW SKIN-BLEMISHES
VANISH FROM SIGHT!**

No need to let either temporary or permanent blemishes spoil your charm. HIDE-IT conceals pimples, birthmarks, freckles, dark under-eye circles, most scars and other blemishes. Lasting... harmless... used by millions of women.

PERFECT FOR POWDER BASE

Makes skin look smoother. Holds powder amazingly long. Large jar, \$1 at Drug and Dept. Stores. Purse size at 10¢ counters—or send us 10¢ and shade wanted (Light, Medium, Rachele, Brunette, Sun-tan).

CLARK-MILLNER SALES CO.
308 W. Erie St., Dept. 4103, Chicago



GUIDE TO GLAMOR



Before arranging her hair, Janet Blair, Columbia Pictures star, gives a last look to details



Hide-it for concealing blemishes.

HIDE-IT, if it is a scar, birthmark, pimple or any other skin blemish! Here's a preparation that will cover embarrassing marks and that won't rub off until it is removed with cream, or with soap and water. Hide-it comes in tones to match and blend into skin tones. You can buy a little emergency package for your purse, or a large pre-make-up size to keep on your dresser. Hide-it is a boon for occasional eruptions and a blessing for permanent disfigurements. Drug, Department, and Syndicate Stores carry this product.

THE regular application of Kurlene will bring a gleam and a sheen to your lashes and brows, and will intensify the twinkle in your eyes! This eye-beautifying product is a rich cream which tends to encourage luxuriance of the lashes while it adds to their gloss. Because it darkens the brows and lashes, it can be used as a daytime eye make-up. Smoothed on the eyelids, Kurlene gives a youthful glisten and, spread on your lashes, it not only makes them turn up easily but helps them to keep the curl longer. Kurlene comes in pretty pink and white jars that will grace any dressing table.

THE name "Tangee" in products implies stay-on qualities. And the latest from the House of Tangee is Petal-Finish Face Powder which is even longer-lasting than its predecessors! Like the petals for which it is named, this powder is soft and light and, because it's Tangee, it gives your face

a rose-petal finish for hours and hours at a time. It gives fresh glow and simply will not streak or cake. You can buy Tangee Petal-Finish Face Powder in good shops everywhere.

BARBARA GOULD'S new lipstick color is aptly named, "Dramatic Red"—a glowing, vibrant color that harmonizes well with the rich, fall fashion fabric shades. This stick is creamy and soft in texture and it acts as a pomade which keeps the lips smooth and gleaming during the coldest weather. With the usual procedure—apply to dry lips, smooth, blot with tissue, moisten a bit—and Dramatic Red is on to stay and never smear.

ODO-RO-NO, a tried and true deodorant and anti-perspirant, has solved its wartime package problem for cream deodorants by putting them up in all-glass containers, capped also in glass, and fastening without the aid of screw threads. Label strips pasted cleverly around the sides, keep the tops and jars securely in one piece when they're being shipped or carried. To open, a user cuts around a perforation and finds that because of an ingenious overhang the two halves of the jars still fit firmly together on the bathroom shelf. The label and the modern design on the caps identify the jars by remaining the same as on the pre-war metal tops. As always, the regular two sizes of Odo-Ro-No, and the little sample packages are available at toiletries counters everywhere.



Odo-Ro-No in a new wartime dress.



Tangee is a new Petal-Finish Powder.

A Permanent Rules Your Waves

Continued from page 16

bob to a smooth up-do as Rita Hayworth does hers to suit the part she plays in "Cover Girl." In the great majority of instances excellent permanent waves are the basis for the prettiness and adaptability of good-looking coiffures.

And really, when you know the requirements for a superior permanent, there's little excuse for ever having an inferior one. Don't let the texture of your hair, the fact that it is gray, dyed or bleached, or the conviction that you have never had a satisfactory wave, worry you. In the hands of the right operator who has the right lotions and equipment, and who knows how to prepare, test, time, and wind, there are few heads that won't wave beautifully.

And here, we give a word of caution. *Don't get a too cheap wave.* Permanents that are recognized as good by the best hairdressers are really moderately priced. You may pay two or three dollars more at a reputable salon than you do at a bargain-rate place, but the results are well worth the difference. Remember you have to carry around a permanent every day until it grows out or is cut off and, as you know, carelessly waved hair is no beauty asset.

When you select your operator, do so on the grounds that he's had much experience and that you have admired other waves that he (or she) has given. We are sure you will find that the top-notch operator uses nothing but materials which have been tested and tried until their names are known as standard good equipment. His lotions will be mild and gentle ones that don't contain any elements which have harsh or frizzing effects.

One manufacturer has a waving solution that eliminates long heating because it has no metallic salts or ammonia. His supplies will be individually packaged so that only fresh clean pads will touch your locks. His lotion will be fresh so that no stale, and possibly weakened, liquid will be applied. All in all, he will take every initial precaution to accomplish the right wave. And this is your first guarantee that your precious head is in good hands.

Prior to your permanent, it's up to you to see that your crowning glory is in good condition. We hope that you have not neglected your everyday hair care, but if you have, a dependable operator will refuse to wave it until it's ready.

And what are you going to do with those precious curls, now that they are yours? If you were wise, you planned some coiffures before your wave and had your hair shaped to comb into those styles that suit you best. You also decided whether your permanent would be executed to give you large, medium, or decidedly strong waves; loose wavy ends, or tighter ringlets — whichever lend themselves best to a most becoming hair-do. However, at first, it's well to have your hair set according to one plan and to try to leave it that way for at least a week. Then when your permanent is "set" and softened you can experiment.



A recent portrait of
CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
by Maria de Kammerer

LEADING A *Double* LIFE?

Discover Tangee's Satin-Finish Lipsticks!

—says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Most of you are "racing the clock" these days... somehow finding time for new wartime duties in addition to your regular activities. That is the big reason, I'm sure, why so many women have welcomed our new LONG-LASTING Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

For here are lipsticks that, once on, *stay on!* An exclusive SATIN-FINISH brings your lips a satin-y smoothness that defies both time and weather. Neither too moist nor too dry—but just right—your Tangee Lipstick will actually seem to smooth itself on to your lips... holding its true and glowing color for hours and hours.

If you have been longing for just such a lipstick, I urge you to ask for "Tangee." And, for best results, wear your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick together with the matching rouge and Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...

LIBERTY—glory of nations...

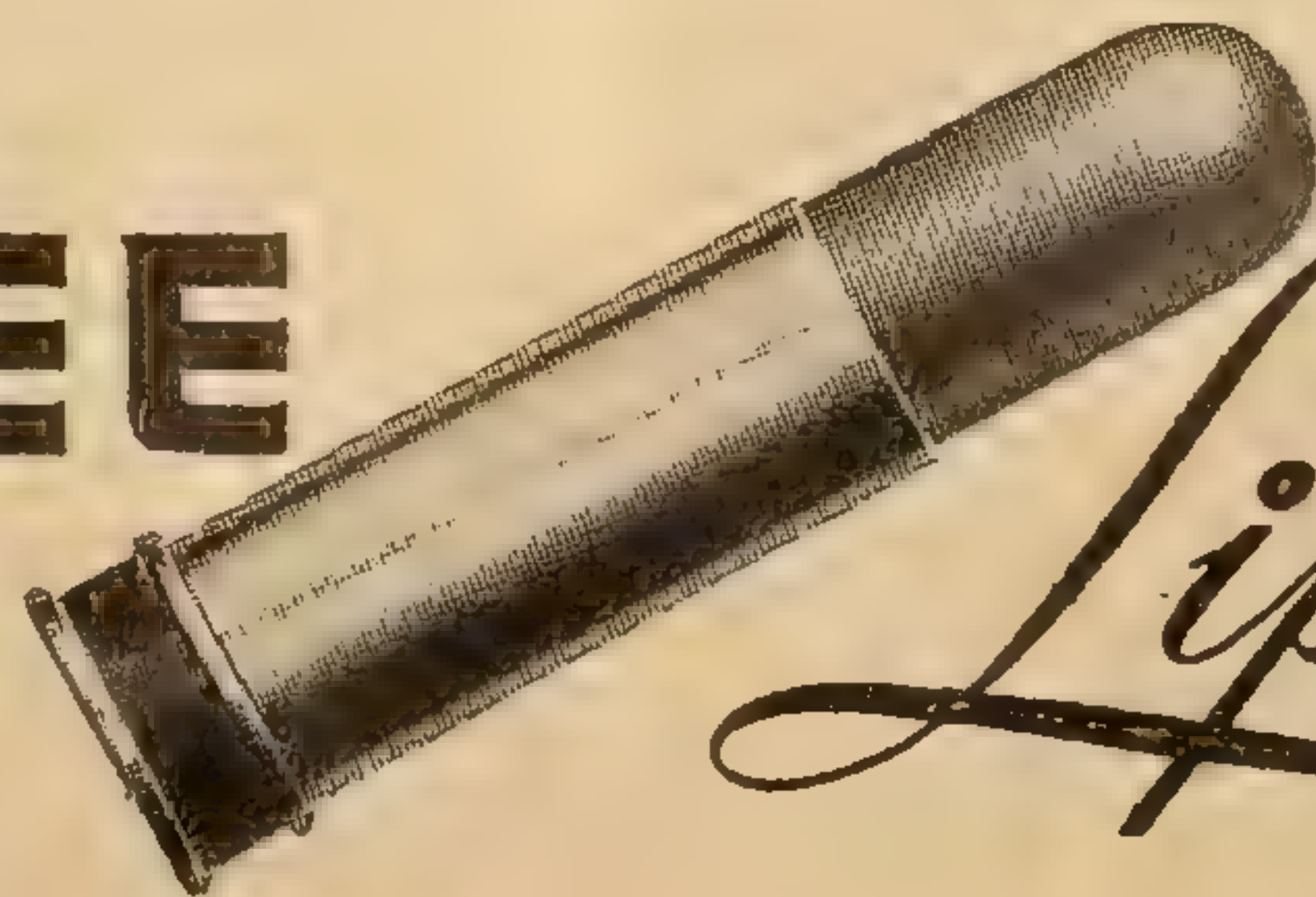
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



TANGEE

SATIN-FINISH



Lipsticks

DON'T TAKE ANY LAXATIVE— Until you read these facts!

*Some Laxatives
are Too Strong—*

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!



*Others are
Too Mild—*

And it's unwise to take something that's *too mild* to give you the relief

you need! A good laxative should be gentle, yet should work *thoroughly!*

*But—
EX-LAX
is the Happy
Medium!*



Try the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives you a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle*, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time! And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's as good for women and children as it is for the men-folks. 10c and 25c.

**IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—**

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original
Chocolated Laxative

**GUARANTEED
GENUINE DIAMOND**

Solitaire \$4.95
RING SEND NO MONEY

Get Acquainted with Diamonds are precious and supplies are limited so here is a wonderful opportunity. Beautiful, genuine **DIAMOND** in lustrous rose cut for fire and sparkle set in solid 10K yellow gold **RING**. The ring of romance and quality. While they last, only \$4.95. **TEN DAYS TRIAL.** **SEND NO MONEY.** Just name, address and ring size. Genuine Diamond ring in lovely gift box sent immediately and you pay postman only \$4.95 plus few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear on 10 days' money back guarantee. Rush order now and have your dreams come true.

Matching Design Wedding RING GIVEN For Promptness
Deeply embossed Yellow Gold Plate WEDDING RING included without extra charge if you order NOW!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 57-D, Jefferson, Iowa

Untold Stories of Frank Sinatra

Continued from page 31

West Coast was something else again! When the 25-year-old crooner arrived in Pasadena last August to sing, dance, and act in RKO's "Higher and Higher" (and this time he was *not* gotten for cakes, you can be sure) he was met at the station by thousands of slick chicks who screamed hysterically at the sight of their Frankie. A few nights later he sang for the soldiers and sailors at the Hollywood Canteen. Following his first song there was only a polite applause from the armed forces, but after he had sung five numbers he had won them over so completely that the boys cheered lustily and hoisted the fragile Frankie on their shoulders and paraded him around the Canteen. A few nights later he sang with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in the Hollywood Bowl (seems the snooty Bowl was sinking into the red from too much symphony and not enough swing). When Frankie pitched into "That Old Black Magic" lots of the dowager music lovers forgot to be disapproving, and ended up by splitting their gloves in frantic applause. And still a few nights later Frankie faced his *most* critical audience—the Hollywood movie stars. It was at a benefit for the Anne Lehr Hollywood Guild Canteen, held on a Sunday night at the swanky Mocambo, with tickets at \$25 a piece. Contrary to common belief, movie stars are not the most big-hearted people in the world when it comes to their fellow entertainers, probably due to a deep-rooted professional jealousy. They've got the "All right, show me" attitude. Frankie not only showed 'em at the Mocambo that night, he also *sent* them.

Personally, having been *sent* into a complete Sinatrance ever since I heard him sing *Night and Day*, I decided that I wanted to know all about Sinatra. I pulled up my bobby socks, figuratively, and went prying.

Frankie's number one hobby is painting garden furniture. Not any old furniture—he's a specialist on garden furniture. His nice wife, Nancy, screams, "Please, honey, no more garden furniture"—but Frankie keeps on buying it and sending it out to his home in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. When he paints he usually has rosy-cheeked four-year-old Nancy Sandra perched on his shoulders.

No one has ever seen Sinatra in a hat. He just doesn't go for hats. He likes his hair to have that slightly mussed appearance. But when he goes home, strangely enough, before he even takes off his coat he puts on an old sea captain's cap, which he wears until it's time to go to work again. He's had this old cap so long he can't remember where he first found it. His clothes are what we used to call "collegiate," but what he calls comfortable. He likes loud bow ties and sleeveless cashmere sweaters. "This is one of the first things I bought with my new prosperity," he says with a boyish grin, and shows you a small gold cigarette lighter.

He is crazy about children. Wants to

have a family of six. His second child will be born in the next few months. When he is at home Nancy Sandra refuses to go to sleep until Daddy has sung her three songs. Nancy Sandra doesn't care for lullabies—she insists upon the three top tunes on the Hit Parade.

Frankie fancies himself a mechanical genius. He is always repairing something about the house, but somehow or other it never works. Mrs. Sinatra keeps the phone number of a good Jersey repairman handy.

He loves spaghetti with an unholy passion. He even eats it for breakfast. His wife keeps a big dish of it in the frigidaire all the time because Frankie often wakes up in the middle of the night and yells for spaghetti. And that one, he never gains an ounce. His second love is a banana split. He has been known to drive up and down streets for hours looking for a drugstore that makes banana splits. When he finds a place he likes he promptly has two of them, and then recommends the place in glowing details to all his friends who are on a diet or don't like banana splits anyway. But his friends have found a way to get him out of his sulks (oh yes, the swooner-crooner has his bad days, even as you and I). They say to him, "Frankie, I've found a drugstore that has the best damn banana splits," and immediately Frankie perks up and takes an interest in life.

He is very devoted to the teen-age youngsters who wait for him outside his broadcasting stations and night clubs. They're his fans, and he'll have nothing said against them. He tackled a New York cop once (Frankie is quick with his fists) who pushed a little girl who was trying to get his autograph. And once as he was leaving a broadcast in New York he noticed that a twelve-year-old youngster got her hand caught in the door in the excitement. He worried about it for three blocks in the taxi, and finally sent his companion back to the building to find out about the little girl. She wasn't badly hurt, and anyway it was worth it. Because her idol invited her to have ice cream with him and his friends at the Astor. And there was the time the three girls, sixteen and seventeen year olds, came all the way from Brooklyn to hear Frankie sing in a Jersey night club. Frankie had to make a midnight train for Chicago, but he couldn't help but worry about those girls, especially when it started to pour down rain. Finally he said to George Evans, his press agent, "George, those girls will get soaking wet trying to get back to Brooklyn at this time of night. They might have pneumonia. You drive them home in my car, and I'll take a taxi to the station."

Frankie is very loyal to old friends, and didn't proceed to drop them like hotcakes, as is the custom, when he came into fame and fortune. His two pals who are always with him are his cousin, also named Frank Sinatra, and called Junior for convenience, and a guy named Hank Sinecola, who used to help Frankie hoist

bricks through brewery windows when they were both kids in Hoboken. Junior and Hank are two big, brawny guys and could swing Frankie around like a yo-yo, if they were of a mind to, but they worship him so they follow him around like a couple of St. Bernards. When Frankie became famous cousin Frank Sinatra very gallantly offered to change his name. "I don't want to embarrass you, Frankie," he said, "after all, I'm only a mug." Frankie was as mad as hell. He snapped, "Listen you, if Frank Sinatra's good enough for me it's good enough for you. Shut up."

Frankie has two ambitions. One is to have a big office with a big mahogany desk with a lot of pushbuttons—like in the movies. "I'd like to be an executive," he says, "and get things organized." His other ambition is to retire when he's older and spend the rest of his days sitting under a maple tree. (Not an apple tree.) "There's a young maple tree on my place in Jersey," he says. "Last year the tree looked sick so I got a formula from a friend of mine who knows about trees and tied a white cloth around the tree. I want that maple tree to grow up because when I retire I want to sit under it and relax." And after all the tramping he's done the past five years (you know how bands travel, buses at two and three in the morning) you can well understand this desire.

Names and society don't impress Mrs. Sinatra's husband in the least. No one can ever accuse Frankie of being a social climber or a name-dropper. For example, the night he sang in the Hollywood Bowl he received a number of "command" invitations from big shots in the Los Angeles musical world, but he ignored them all. Fifteen minutes after the concert he and his friends could be found at a nearby drive-in consuming quantities of hamburgers and coffee. None of this social lion business for Frankie. He's a hard worker—one of the things you most admire about him—and has no time for chitchat and little finger bending. "That plushbottom stuff," he says with one of his ear to ear smiles, "is definitely out."

According to his press agent Frankie will return to New York when he has finished "Higher and Higher" (which is being directed by one of RKO's top directors, Tim Whelan, and fill an engagement in November in the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf, where the tariff is a bit steep for his slick chicks. Also, he is supposed to sing at Carnegie Hall this fall. (Gracie Allen will not accompany him.) But according to the studio Frankie will be right here in Hollywood in November beginning his next picture, called "Mr. Cinderella," the plot of which sounds much like Frankie's life.

Hollywood has paid Frankie the highest tribute that Hollywood can pay: "Frankie is a good fellow."

**The Christmas Present
With A Future—
A War Bond!**



**Why
ETHEL MERMAN
recommends
ARRID**

"Why let perspiration ruin your clothes—or your reputation, when you can use Arrid and be safe?"

"I use Arrid deodorant cream every day and I wouldn't think of going anywhere without it. I have personally recommended Arrid to loads of people because I like it so much."

Ethel Merman

Star of Broadway's Musical Hit
"Something for the Boys"

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT *which safely*

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION.

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents odor. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
3. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

*Wonderful!—The effects
you can get with this
New "Make-Up"
for the Hair!*



WITH Marchand's thrilling new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse, you can do so much more than just enliven and heighten the natural color-tone of your hair! You can actually "play-up" the color or tone it down, to suit your personal fancy. Even more amazing, you can blend little gray streaks so that they become practically *unnoticeable*!

You don't need any special skill to achieve these flattering effects! After your shampoo, just dissolve a packet of Marchand's delicately tinted Rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of soap-film disappears! Your hair is gloriously *alive*...sparkling with highlights and youthful color!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is *not* a bleach! *Not* a permanent dye! It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up—and is *absolutely harmless*! Twelve stunning shades to match any color hair. Try it today!

Marchand's "Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

6 Rinses—25c

2 Rinses—10c

At all Drug Counters



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOLDEN HAIR WASH
Copyright 1943 by Chas. Marchand Co.

YOU HAVE DONE YOUR BIT — NOW DO YOUR BEST!

50,000,000 Americans have bought

WAR BONDS

Your country urges you to put every cent over your necessary living expenses into

WAR BONDS and STAMPS

Ration Your Love in Wartime, Says Bonita Granville

Continued from page 35

they left behind," to have progressed so that we will be equal to the situation we will have to confront.

I am a movie star. That sometimes gives people the idea that movie stars expect special privileges. This isn't true. I am twenty years old and a working girl. I live a normal life. All of my friends have gone off to the service. I am in the same boat with every other girl my age. I have been lonely for my boy friends. I miss them terribly and am pleased that they miss me. But this isn't going to help me if I sit at home and moan about it, or if I go out and throw myself at some boy because of some fancied slight that I unconsciously lay at the door of war. My duties are the same as any other girl's. I have to work out my problem myself. It depends entirely upon me what the final outcome of my life will be. I have had the advantages that every American girl has had, and if I violate them then I have failed, and have no one to blame but myself.

I think if more girls would sit down and talk to their mothers they would find their war adjustment more easily. Our mothers were just about our age when the first world war was raging. They went through the same longings, the same emotional hysteria, the same feeling of being left behind, the same feeling that perhaps they would never find a boy to love. They saw hasty war marriages. They know which ones worked out and which ones failed. They knew girls who met boys and married them two days later. They grew up just as fast as we are doing today. They saw the men come home to wives who were complete strangers to them. They saw women with small babies in their arms traveling on trains across the country. We girls nowadays think that war conditions are something new, something that was created just for us. And yet right in our own homes are our mothers and aunts who have been through this before, and can help us and guide us now.

I have met and I know the American soldier. I have made camp tours, personal appearances, danced in canteens and in USO centers. I have sat in Naval Aide and Red Cross sewing rooms with the mothers of American soldiers. I have learned from the boys at the canteens, and from their mothers at the Red Cross, that they don't like what a lot of American girls are doing today. American men are more conventional than American women. American men want us to go to the canteens and dance with them, they expect us to entertain them in our homes, but they expect us to do this in the way that will maintain conventions they hold dear. If we violate them we are violating the trust of our friends, brothers and sweethearts.

Most of the boys in the canteens want to tell you about their homes, and girls. I have seen more pictures taken out of wallets and held for a look at. "That's my girl back home," they say proudly, "she is busy doing work just like you are." They are

that their girls are sweet and fine and doing war work. One soldier said to me, "Her mother works in a war plant, her whole family works in war factories, and she works in an office. But she comes home every night and cooks dinner. Boy, she is some cook!" You should have seen the light in his eyes. Somehow I know that that boy will come back to that girl someday and they will be married.

War hysteria is sabotage. On the whole the girl who hysterically looks at a boy who is about to leave the country for a fighting front and thinks she must marry him, or not even bother about that, is sabotaging her country, the boy and herself. Even the boy, frightened as he might be at the prospect of leaving, does everything he can to ward off the results they get into. However, he is powerless, he is only human after all, and the girl is generally the one who invites it.

I may sound like a goody-goody and a know-it-all, but these things are going on around us all the time. It always has been true, and still is, that nothing happens to a girl unless she invites it. There are rare cases, but the ordinary embarrassing and unconventional things that happen to a girl are brought on by herself. It is the duty of all of us to do the thinking for two in any unfortunate situation that we have unthinkingly or emotionally gotten ourselves into. We have to be sympathetic, treat the boys like heroes, which they are, and let them know that we are doing everything we can to make their lot easier and to help speed their return. We must let them know that we are trying to keep their world as wonderful and as fine as they want it to be. That is what they are fighting for, and that is our duty to them.

Those boys you see wandering the streets are lonely boys. You should, through the auspices of the local USO or war committee, have some of them to your home for dinner. They come from homes and they want to be invited to homes. They don't want to meet you in the park, or on the street. Canteens are wonderful, and you should go to them. It is a social life to replace what we had. But still we must remember that the boys want to see something that looks like home. The American boy loves a home. And we should give him the pleasure of enjoying ours when he is in town on leave. Lonesome boys can always be found through the USO.

Many girls are not emotionally adjusted to these changing times, the girls who have a feeling that they will never marry if they don't *now*, right this minute. The girls who want to marry a soldier to escape from home, to get independence. They don't stop to think that they are ruining their lives in a heart-breaking manner. Most of these girls hardly know the boys, they don't know what their backgrounds are like, they don't know if they are suited at all. That adage "Like marries like" still goes. Most of the happy marriages of friends are the ones where the boys and girls have been raised in the same types

of environment. The unhappy ones have always been when the two people were as far apart in environment as the North and South Poles. But I do think that the most important part of this discussion is that the unhappy soldier is not a good soldier, and that there are many boys sitting in the far corners of the earth who wonder what kind of girl they did marry, and if they will get along when the war is over. Something in their consciousness tells them that what they did was wrong, and the worried soldier is the careless soldier. So it is sabotage.

It is up to us, the future leaders of our country, to ration our love very carefully in these times. It is our patriotic duty.

Everybody's Gracie

Continued from page 40

cessful she may become in pictures here, she will always be the same. Long ago, her father told her, "Noo, remember, Gracie—never get stuck oop." And she never has.

The most genuine proof of all that Gracie would never change came in 1941 when she returned to England to visit her home town of Rochdale.

This visit was a real test. A good many people in England were annoyed at Gracie because when she married Monty Banks, she came to America with him to live. They felt that she had given up her own people.

There were flags and bouquets when she arrived. But there was still a certain amount of tension from the people who gathered to meet her. When she sang, *There'll Always Be An England*, the applause was merely polite applause. Undaunted, Gracie went on to the canteen of a local mill where she sang for the workers. In the middle of one number—and with the audience still cool—she found that the side zipper of her dress was wide open. She stood there under the lights for a while and tugged at her dress, roaring with laughter. Then she cried, "Ee, it's stuck. I say, girls, isn't it a nuisance when your zipper gets a bit of stuff in it?" That started it. A mill girl in the audience yelled out, "She's not changed. She's a one, isn't she?" From then on, she had her people with her solidly, and cries of "She's still our Gracie" punctuated the air continually.

Gracie has been in Hollywood constantly, except for short visits to England, since 1939. Her home is here now. Before she began her radio broadcasts and her pictures, she was traveling across the country and into Canada singing for British War Relief concerts and entertaining boys here at the camps. Because of the extensive amount of work she has done along these lines, she has been termed Britain's most famous Ambassador of Good Will.

Gracie used to have several homes, but now her only one is in Santa Monica near the sea which she loves so much. Her home at Peacehaven on the Channel coast in England has been turned into an orphanage which she supports.



At the carnival .
at the Embassy Ball .
hearts beat fast.
And she knows the Don
Juan secret for making
lips look lovelier, longer.

NEW DON JUAN LIPSTICK

Exciting as the Samba
[YET EVER SO DISCREET!]

Vivacious, young-looking lips . . lips that convey unspoken urging. Our good neighbors to the South know how to accentuate their charm—aided by Don Juan Lipstick. Have you tried the new Don Juan? Eventually you will. And you'll see how soft and appealingly it smooths on—how long it keeps your lips looking lovely and lovable, without constant retouching. And remember: Don Juan is a secret of beauty

that helps you keep your secrets of romance. When used as directed, it stays on your lips, does not come off on his. Discover Don Juan today.

*Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Beauty Quiz!

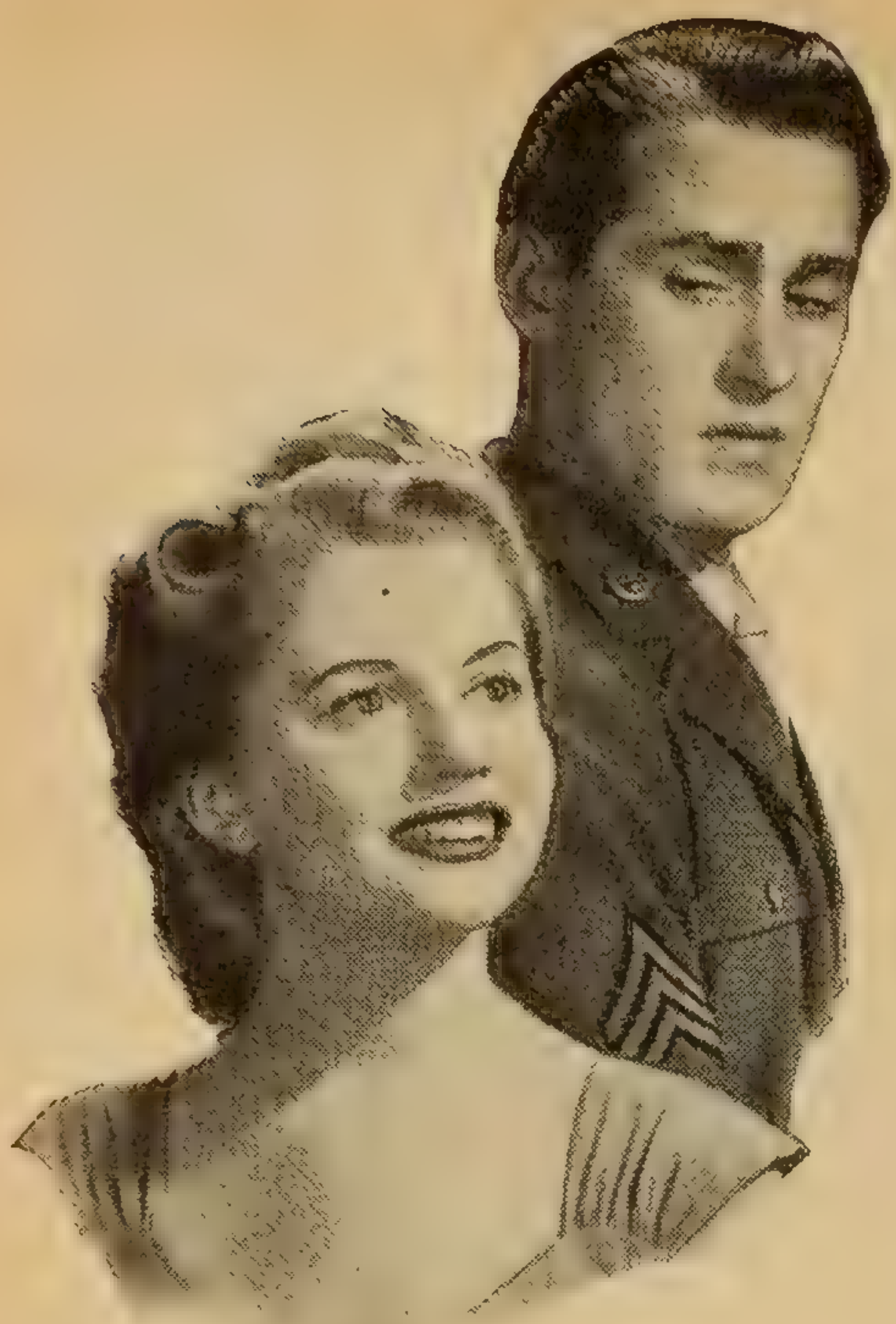
Quiz yourself—does the lipstick you're using give you all these four beauty extras? Try the lipstick that does—try the new Don Juan Lipstick . . now.

1. **DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON** when you eat, drink or kiss . . if used as directed.
2. **LOOKS BETTER.** No greasy, "hard" look; no need for constant retouching.
3. **NOT DRYING OR SMEARY**—no ragged lips. Creamy smooth, easily applied—imparts appealing, soft "glamour" look.
4. **STYLE SHADES:** Try new Military Red—a rich, glowing red, acclaimed by beauty editors. Or Hostess Red—smart with furs and for evening. Five other alluring shades.

Over 7,000,000 sold. Deluxe size \$1. Refills 60¢. Junior size 25¢. Matching powder and rouge. Prices plus tax. At department stores, druggists, beauty parlors. Trial sizes at 10¢ stores.



© DON JUAN INC • New York



DOES "SCALP ODOR" SPOIL YOUR FUN?

Many girls do not realize that the scalp perspires just like the rest of the skin—and that oily hair, particularly, absorbs unpleasant odors.

If you want to be popular—guard the fragrance of your hair. There's a simple, pleasant way to be certain that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Just shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo.

This shampoo was scientifically developed to keep your hair and scalp fresh and sweet-smelling. The pure, medicinal pine tar it contains works wonders—helps your hair become soft and lustrous. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears. Start the Packers habit today!



CORNS GO FAST

Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts INSTANTLY

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure; keep you foot-happy! Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores.

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases tight shoes

Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads



The place she had in Capri—no one knows what has happened to that.

Gracie has open house every weekend for the boys in the service. Whenever any English boys of the RAF, British Merchant Marine, and of the English Navy get a leave, they head for "Auntie Gracie's" where they listen to her sing, swim in her pool, play tennis on her court, and eat plentifully of her food. Recently, the American boys have been running their Allies a close race for these visits to the Fields home. Often, Gracie writes letters home to the boys' relatives.

Gracie was born in a family of ordinary people and she has yet to forget that she is one of the little people. She first saw the light of day in Rochdale in Lancashire on January 9, 1898. Her family was considered fairly well off in those days. Her father was an engineer and earned \$7 a week.

"Maybe we did have hard sledding," Gracie said. "But mother is sensitive about our finances and she always likes me to mention the fact that we weren't begging in the streets."

Her mother used to do the laundry for the theatrical artists around Rochdale. When the laundry was finished, Gracie would take it back to the theaters. During these visits to the theaters, she would listen to the tunes and songs being rehearsed backstage. When Gracie got home, she would practise them. Soon she was being heard all over Rochdale. And usually in front of some theatrical office in the hopes that an impresario would hear her and ask her to sign a contract. She was six at the time and was the first of the four Fields youngsters to start a career. (Her brother, Tommy, is the only other one besides Gracie who is still entertaining. And he does the same thing as Gracie in England today.)

Her first job was in a local movie house where, as Gracie says, "I was an echo backstage for another singer." Her salary couldn't have been much for she left this job to take another with a juvenile troupe, "Clara Coverdale's Dainty Dots," for more money. This time she got a shilling a week and keep—or twenty-five cents. But Gracie hardly ever collected her salary. It was a rule that if any child misbehaved, she would not get any money. Gracie did not always behave.

At fifteen, Gracie was still trying her luck in the provinces—or "sticks." Then her father decided she ought to come home. His neighbors had been telling him that "bein' an actress wasn't a bit of a steady job." So Gracie came back and got a job in Rochdale in a mill as a cotton winder. But she kept right on singing. Soon the workers were stopping work to listen to her. Her audience grew day by day. While she sang, other girls would work her loom for her. This was fine for her, but the company objected, and, as she says, "I was asked for me resignation."

Her next real job was in vaudeville where she did an act imitating popular stars. At this time, she had visions of being another Madame Patti, the Lily Pons of her day. One night she was doing a comic song and the audience

howled. Gracie was crushed, for she had never considered herself a comic artist. That was the beginning.

After this, she was on the stage in pantomime in a show called "Dick Whittington." This was in 1914. But her first big break came when she was cast in "Mr. Power of London." This was supposed to be a modest little affair to play only the provinces, but Gracie's performance made the play a big success and it was brought to London. From then on, she was made. While she was working in "Mr. Power of London," she married the producer, Archie Pitt, but was later divorced.

In 1925, she played in "By Request," a show that ran three years in London. Then, in 1928, she received the first of three command performances before the King and Queen. At her last appearance before Their Majesties in 1938, she was awarded a rose colored badge and ribbon signifying, "Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire."

Shortly after this, she came to America to appear at the Palace. Because she was told that people would never be able to understand her Lancashire dialect—or her songs—she was advised to Americanize herself. The result was that she flopped horribly.

"That was the last time I ever tried being somebody but myself," she said to me. "Of course, some still say it's hard to understand me, but I don't see it. Supposing I do put an 'haitch' where an 'haich' shouldn't be or leave one off when it should be left on. It's still English, isn't it?"

Back in England in 1931, Gracie made her first film, "Sally in Our Alley." It was such a hit that she continued to make pictures. She also appeared in plays and revues at the same time. By now her salary was about \$750,000 a year, making her the highest paid entertainer in the world. And she was, at the same time, the most beloved figure in the English entertainment world.

Her public really loved her. In 1939, she became ill as the result of a serious operation. For days crowds flocked to the hospital to ask, "How's our Gracie?" The crowds were so big that finally bulletins had to be posted several times during the day to inform the people of her condition. This had never been done before except for the King. When she was at last able to go to her window in her room, she waved at the crowd still standing outside through rain and fog and cried out, "'Ello now! I'm gettin' better." The cheers were deafening.

At this time, Gracie was told she couldn't work for a good many months. Gracie paid no attention to her doctors, and a few weeks later she was in France entertaining the soldiers. Not many of the English Army who were later to see the horrors of Dunkirk will ever forget that Christmas Eve near the front when Gracie sang and sang for them. She stayed near them until about two weeks before Dunkirk.

By the time you read this, Gracie will be on her way doing more shows for the boys in the service here and overseas. When she returns to Hollywood, it'll be another picture for her and Monty Woolley.

Streamlined Living

Continued from page 9

sprouts, she heats a small amount of fat in a skillet, browns one sliced onion to a golden brown, adds the sprouts, according to the number to be served, and a very small amount of water, and cooks 10 to 15 minutes.

Or she may steam the sprouts from 7 to 10 minutes, then add them to the browned onion and cook. Occasionally, after steaming, she makes a casserole dish of the sprouts by adding a tasty sauce of molasses, Worcestershire sauce and a pinch of ginger, and bakes them in a slow oven.

Sprouts combined with tomatoes, either canned or fresh, make a delicious Creole dish. Proportions for this are:

- 1 tablespoon fat
- 12 tomatoes, quartered
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 cut up onion
- 3 cups soy bean sprouts
- Salt and pepper
- Garlic, if desired.

Mrs. Brown's favorite salad, evolved after discovering that her family didn't care for the raw sprouts, is Meatless Chef Salad. She puts in whatever vegetables and salad greens are available, but instead of adding slices of rationed cheese and ham, she slips the skins of the soy bean sprouts, steams them ten minutes, and chills them thoroughly before adding them to her salad. "All the grand vitamin-C, ribo-

Barbara Hale, the former Chicago artists' model and beauty contest winner, became the envy of all the Swoonatra fans when she was chosen to appear with Frank Sinatra in his first starring motion picture, "Higher and Higher."



flavin and niacin that children need are in that salad," Mrs. Brown assured me.

Holidays are grand for entertaining, but the Browns need no holiday excuse to invite a few friends in, to roll up the rugs and dance. Daytimes, they have tennis parties; summer or winter, the tennis courts are in use. In these streamlined days, they use the portable barbecue pit that can be rolled up into the shelter of a patio that can be closed in with canvas curtains.

Johnny Mack and the children frequently do the mountains of dishes that result, which may be one reason there is less servant trouble at the Browns' than anywhere else in Hollywood.

"I suppose everyone is interested in holiday food," commented Mrs. Brown.

"Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's dinners are such fun to plan! It doesn't really matter that so-called traditional items won't be on the menu. If all the turkeys go to the armed forces this year, that's as it should be. There'll be no wailing from the Browns.

"We are great fried chicken eaters here, and if they are obtainable we'll have that, or perhaps wild duck, if Johnny Mack happens to be on location where there's good duck shooting. We parboil the ducks for about an hour and a half, then barbecue them for ten minutes and they practically fall apart. Then we'll have a ring of wild rice, mushrooms, vegetables from our Victory garden canning, Johnny Mack's special salad, fruitcake and ambrosia.

Look what

this new lotion

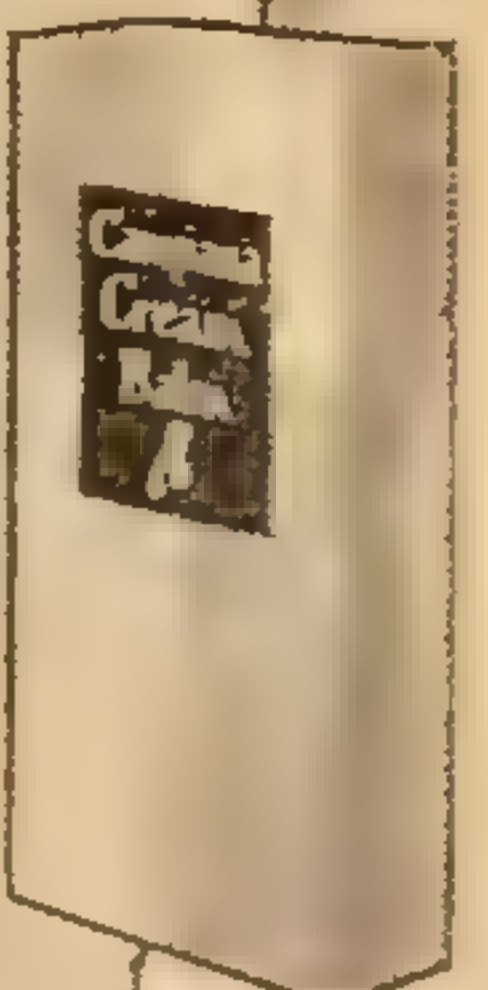
with LANOLIN did!



●When we were introduced, we shook hands—and he didn't let go! He said some silly little thing about soft, pretty hands—meaning mine. Well, anyway, that's how it began, as romance often does—holding hands.

*The House of Campana
takes Pride in Presenting their New
Campana Cream Balm
Containing Lanolin*

CREATED BY CAMPANA SKIN SCIENTISTS, AND TESTED
AND APPROVED BY HUNDREDS OF WOMEN. A
CREAMY, NON-STICKY, SOOTHING, SOFTENING
HAND LOTION TO HELP PREVENT SKIN DRYNESS AND
ROUGHNESS. CONTAINS LANOLIN, THE MATERIAL
MOST NEARLY DUPLICATING THE FUNCTIONS OF
THE NATURAL OILS OF THE SKIN.



Campana Cream Balm

You can distinguish the new Campana Cream Balm by its pure white color and distinctive yellow and white carton. Sold by drug, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

Campana Laboratories also produce the Original CAMPANA BALM in the green and white package.

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

- ☐ CREAM?
- ☐ POWDER?
- ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

There's one powder created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.

QUEST
POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



song POEMS wanted

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Send your Poems for our new offer and FREE "Rhyming Dictionary" today.

Phonograph Records Made

VANDERBILT MUSIC STUDIOS

Dept. 8L, Box 112, Coney Island, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL EYES CAN MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL!

Use Kurlene Eye Beauty Cream Daily!

Here's how to use Kurlene, rich, oily-base cream, to bring out the best in your eyes.

- ① **SMOOTH ON BROWS**
to add sheen and beauty
- ② **APPLY TO LASHES**
to make them darker, luxuriant-looking
- ③ **ANOINT EYELIDS**
for flattering make-up

Long-lasting jar, \$1.00 Tubes, 10¢ and 50¢

At Toilet Goods Counters Everywhere

KURLASH OWNERS!

Be thankful your Kurlash, the famous Eyelash Curler, was made good and strong. Take care of it, since the Kurlash factory facilities are now devoted entirely to war-production. P. S. We'll make minor repairs on your Kurlash at nominal cost if you'll send it direct to us.

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

KURLENE
by KURLASH

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc. Rochester, New York

"Instead of Irish potatoes, we serve sweet potatoes, not only because they are more perishable and don't keep so long as white ones, but because we like them."

There is no scarcity of food in this country, since the civilian population here at home gets three-fourths of the food produced in this country, but war-time holidays are no days for gorging or wasting that "weapon of war," FOOD.

"Raymond Hatton, who works with Johnny Mack in the *Johnny Mack Brown Western* series for Monogram, told him of a wonderful chicken curry that we intend to try soon. After a series of what he calls 'ya-a-a' meals, this makes a hot spicy contrast.

Chicken Curry

- 2 cups chicken meat, diced
- 2 cups stock
- 1/2 cup celery diced
- 1/2 cup raw potatoes diced
- 1/2 cup peas
- 1 tablespoon green pepper, in shreds
- 1 small onion, sliced thin
- 1 teaspoon curry powder
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Brown the onion and the pepper in the butter, add the stock, salt, celery, and then the potatoes, simmer for fifteen minutes. Finally add the peas and chicken, stir the curry powder in a teaspoonful of the hot stock, and let simmer for ten minutes. Stir as little as possible.

Serve with hot boiled rice and India chutney (Major Grey's chutney is best).

To boil rice in East India fashion, you wash one cupful of rice three times in cold water, drain, and when dry sprinkle a few grains at a time into three quarts of bubbling, boiling, salted water. Do not cover but boil rapidly for fifteen minutes. Pour through a colander and place in a heated dish.

This serves six persons.

"Pecan pie is a favorite holiday desert. We make it of white Karo syrup, brown sugar, pecans and butter. Johnny Mack has the most wonderful fans, always sending him something—for years seven Zimmerman sisters used to send him boxes of marvelous pecans."

In line with their vow to stay "forever young," the Browns have lately gone in for jitterbug lessons, which they declare are the last word in fun. Several of their closest friends are in the same class, and often stop in at the English house on the hill to practice new steps.

"No matter how chilly or foggy it may be outside, we're soon warm. I like to serve a Southern drink—frozen iced tea, or iced tea with a scoop of sherbet in it. This is good with little tea sandwiches."

The house the Johnny Mack Browns built has plenty of space. They've shut off part of the second floor for the duration, and if the war lasts on and on, and the already depleted staff diminishes, the cowboy star declares they won't desert the house, but will close off still more rooms and "huddle together" downstairs. Huddling is going to be quite a feat, considering the size of the rooms.



A message for you ... from 1953

(Today, John Jones is just an average American, wrestling with all the doubts and worries and problems that beset every one of us right now. But let's skip ahead 10 years. Let's look at John Jones then—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me. 'This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in; regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as a man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '43—that was our second year of war, when we were really getting into it—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like most everybody else, I was buying War Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"'Don't do it, John!' she said. 'Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We made clothes do—cut out fancy foods. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the War Bonds.

"We didn't touch the War Bonds then, or any other time. And I know this: The world wouldn't be such a swell place today if we had!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by

SCREENLAND

Confessions of a Career Girl

Continued from page 28

the terrific sacrifices the ballet demands. While I dreamed about this, it took Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in 'Seventh Heaven' to push me into new ambitions. I saw this picture eleven times and gradually it came to me that acting, not dancing, was to be my career. Mother is always wonderful, she lets me do my own deciding.

"Those years with the ballet—pantomime, body control, rhythm, and perfection always the goal—were invaluable, and I wouldn't have missed the experience. When I finally made the break to become an actress, I had a hard struggle trying to interest the studios. After a few pictures and a lot of discouragements, I joined the Pasadena Playhouse to gain stage training. I appeared in seven plays and even reached the height of portraying *Ophelia* to Hardie Albright's *Hamlet*.

"My first play was 'Lady Mary, Limited,' in which I had a small part. I was so absorbed in this new career that I didn't even ask about the Sunday performances. Mother and I went over as usual, I made up and was ready for my call. Then suddenly, we realized it was deathly quiet, that no one else was around, and no show was scheduled. Believe me, we scampered out of that big building like a couple of scared puppies!

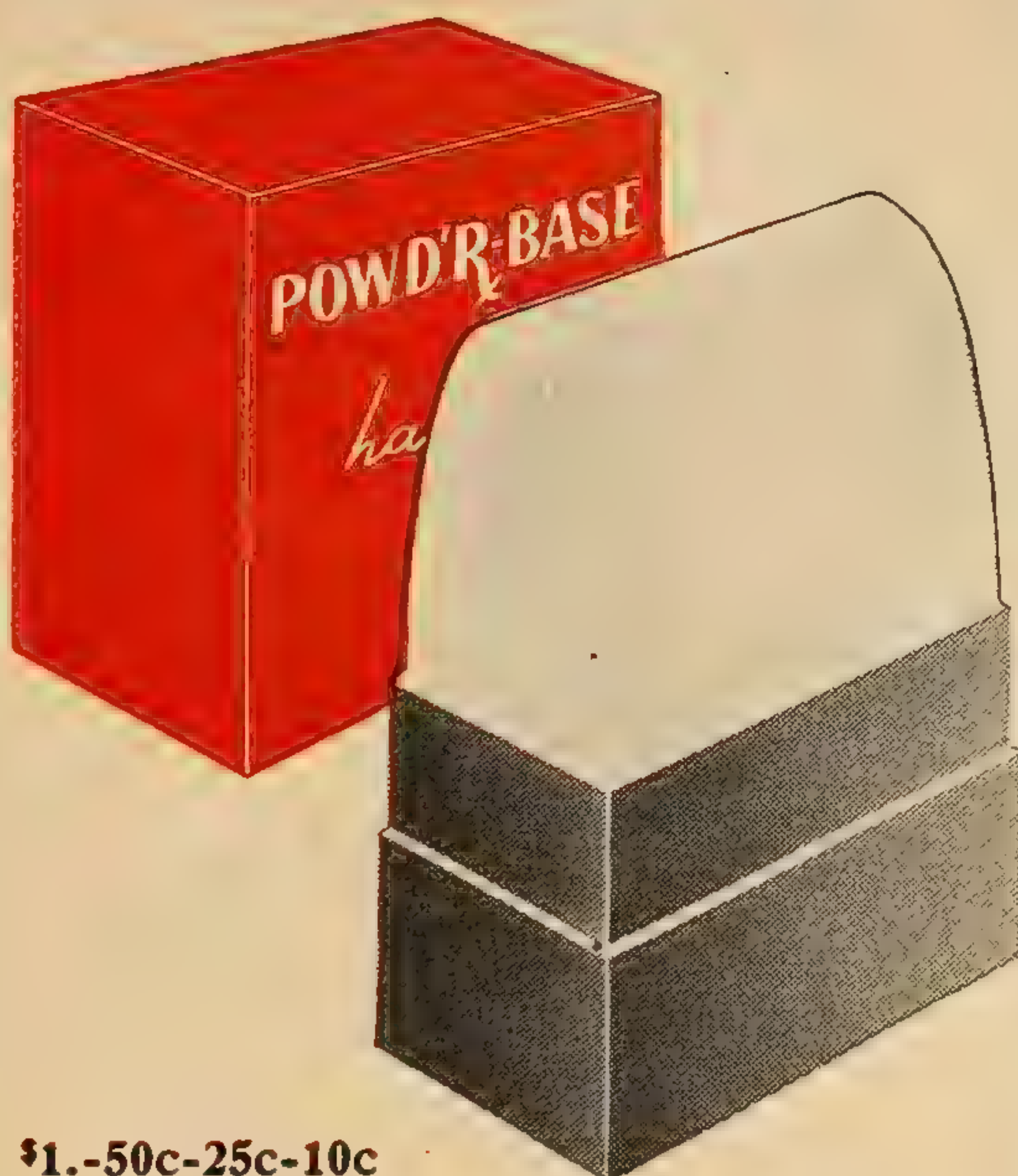
"I came back to pictures and just when my ambitions were burning at white heat I bumped into another chapter in my life that completely upset my plans. I met Walter Brooks, who was here visiting his mother, Mrs. Lionel Atwill. We were introduced on the studio set and *wham!* it was love at first sight. I battled with the problem of career versus marriage, then gave in and we were married."

Now, young Brooks is the grandson of the very rich and very social Mrs. Stotesbury of Philadelphia, and the newlyweds became part of a gay and dazzling life. They had everything—unlimited wealth, social prestige, a beautiful home, extensive travels. It was like heady wine, and Julie was swept into the excitement, becoming a *de luxe* play girl. But within two years she wearied of the monotony. Her career began pulling at her, she wanted to act, to be part of the world that is *doing* things. So the Brooks returned to Hollywood and Julie resumed her career, with the consent of the husband. But this dual life didn't last. The two young people made mountains out of trivial things and a divorce was the next step.

"We were too young, too emotional, and of course, we had too little sense," explained Julie. "It was a beautiful interlude in my life and I'll never regret it. Walter and I are still good friends—he's now flying for the Army.

"I was happy to be back in pictures and hoped to set the world on fire with my acting. Along came a Columbia contract and the first thing I knew, I was rushing through a lot of B films. At first I didn't mind for I thought it would be good training with the continual change in rôles, backgrounds, and stories. But

America's BEAUTY FAVORITE



\$1.-50c-25c-10c

HAMPDEN'S powder base is the *cream stick* that really spreads evenly and cleanly . . . is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge . . . won't dry out your skin! Try it — and you'll have lovely make-up always.

POWD'R-BASE
hampden

Buy . . . BONDS

Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE sticks? Because actual use proves its superiority.

Keeps powder on longer.

• it really does!

Helps hide lines, blemishes.

• it really does!

Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.

• it really does!

Improves your complexion.

• it really does!

Four Queens TRADE MARK REG. CHENILLE ROBES



The demand for snug, tailored FOUR QUEENS chenille robes is tremendous. We can't begin to supply all stores . . . as war work in our factories must come first. But we are still trying to make shipments to at least one leading department store or shop in each city.

All of the popular colors offered are *beautifully washable* in each of the Four Queens styles. Sketched: The Hearts Pattern. Other designs are Spades, Diamonds, Clubs . . . and all very moderately priced. Sizes 12 through 20.



BLUE RIDGE

Dalton



MFG. COMPANY

Georgia

DESIGN
PAT. PEND.

If you fuss with straying hair,
Lost time and accidents beware!



**ELIMINATE
HAIRFUSS
WITH
GRIP-TUTH**

25c


Keep hair out of harm's way! GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS can't fall out, their exclusive "spring-tooth" action locks hair securely in place. And remember, GRIP-TUTH is ideal, too, for keeping coiffures smooth-looking between beauty appointments! At all leading beauty salons, department stores, chains; card of one large or two small HAIRTAINERS, 25c.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. G-4 Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC

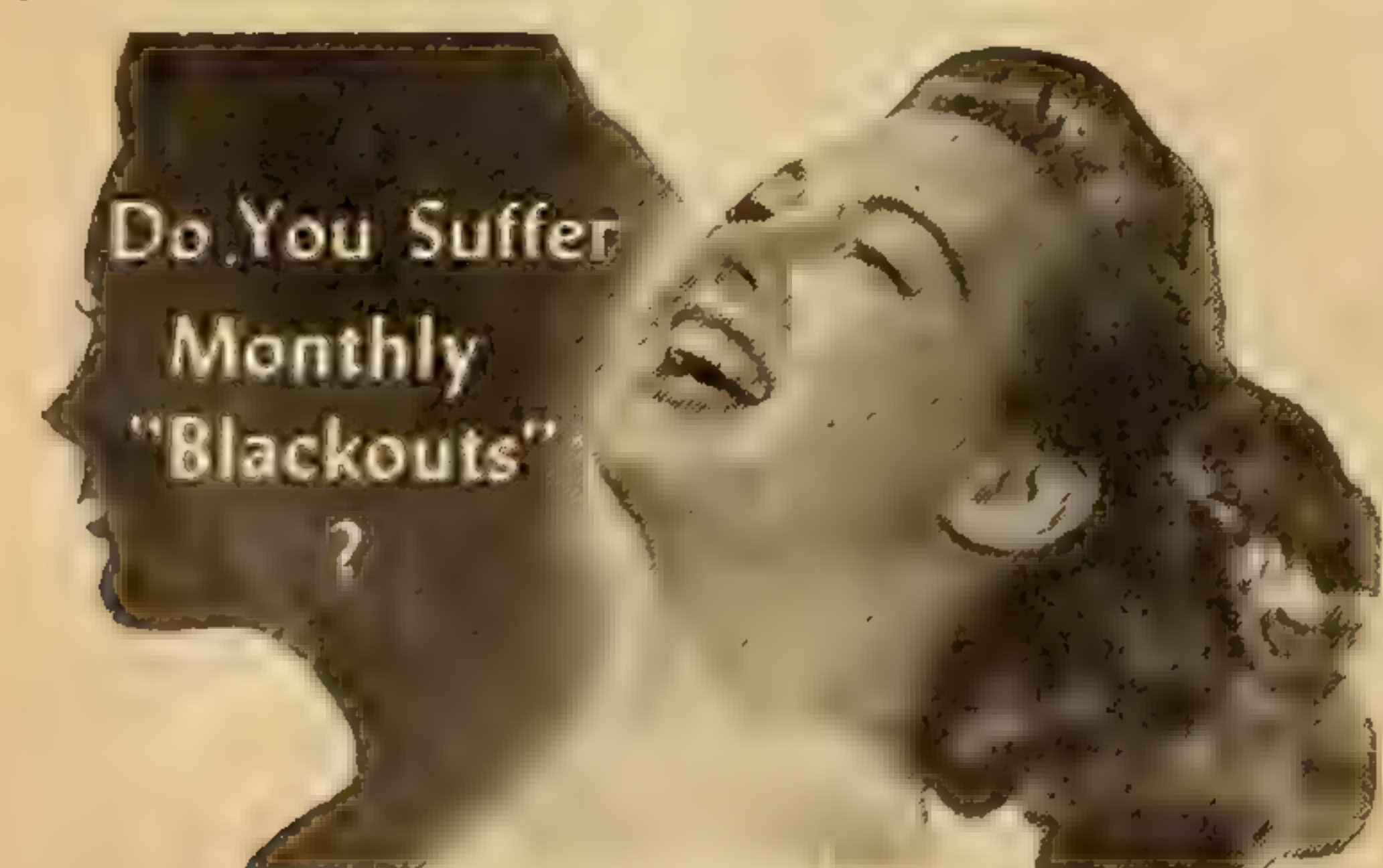
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

For Your Class or Club



Pins, rings and emblems. Over 300 designs. Finest quality. Reasonable prices. Pins, 55c up. Write today for free catalog. Dept. W, Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Do You Suffer
Monthly
"Blackouts"?



Do functional periodic pains upset you? Try the preparation that's specially compounded for functional distress—the new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. They've worked wonders for thousands of women. They should help you. For they do more than merely deaden pain. One of their ingredients tends to aid in relaxing the cramping and tension that causes distress. The added iron factor they contain is intended to help build up your blood, too. Ask your druggist today for a 50¢ box of the new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. Then try them, as directed, for next month's "difficult days".

For interesting illustrated Booklet "The Trailing Shadow of Pain" Send 5c To Dept. A., Chi-chester Chemical Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS
For relief from "periodic functional distress"

somehow, I always played the same type of girl—sweet and so uninteresting.

"I was unhappy about it yet I didn't step out and fight for what I wanted. I had the idealistic notion that if I was really good, someone would see me and put me in better rôles. Months went by and nothing happened, so I started calling on producers and telling them my story. They were sympathetic, always delighted with my enthusiasm and ambitions, but they could never see me in anything but those same old parts. Jerry Wald used to encourage me by saying, 'Just wait, your chance will come. Ann Sheridan went through this same thing!'"

"I read scripts of the new pictures and many times saw parts I knew I could play. I actually prayed for a test of *Cassie*, in 'King's Row,' and was crazy to play in 'The Constant Nymph,' but no one even thought of me. Three different times I was on the verge of quitting the whole thing.

"But when you have someone believing in you, you can't fail them. There's my mother, her every heartbeat is for my success. There's my friend and agent, Henry Wilson, he never doubted that we would win. No, I couldn't let them down. I look back now and see that these frustrations and disappointments taught me emotional values."

Months passed. Julie decided to try summer stock and get more stage training. She wanted to feel the instant appraisal of audiences. So, she journeyed to Wisconsin and joined the Peninsula Players of Door County, where she did eight

plays, which proved inspiring and gratifying. She gained new confidence, had a clearer view of her problems, and on arriving back in Hollywood came the bright idea of changing her name.

"Now," said Julie happily, "I'm starting a new career and each step is encouraging. I was terrified to play with Humphrey Bogart because I knew he was a practical joker and I was afraid I couldn't take it. But he was wonderful to me, jokes and all, and I learned much about acting from him—he's a real artist. Playing in 'To The Last Man' with Errol Flynn is exciting. It's a story of the Northwest Mounted Police.

"Several important films are lined up for me and my future looks bright. I've continued my ballet practicing for I hope to combine dancing and acting in a picture some day. My big dream is to play Marilyn Miller when they make a film version of her life.

"No there's no romance." Julie gaily shook her head in answering my question. "I'm a career girl, as I told you, and I never want to give it up. Yet—down in my heart I know that a woman can never be truly happy without love and marriage. These are normal feminine demands and you can't toss them aside. So, someday, when everything is just right, I hope to marry. I sincerely believe it is possible to successfully combine a career with marriage. Not submerge it, mind you, for it is too important for that. Men carry on careers without disturbing the serenity of their domestic life, so why can't a woman?"

How to Be Happy Though Rationed

Continued from page 43

found a variety of meat substitutes as recommended by the government's nutrition program.

Before the war, the Café featured a fancy selection of rare foreign dishes, prepared by imported chefs for the appreciative delight of studio gourmets. The French chef, for example, was the favorite of Betty Grable. He was always prepared for Betty's order of Vichyssoise or Chateaubrian escargots bourgeoine, but times have changed.

Patriotically — and palatably, Betty now goes for the newest Janios specialty, the Victory Plate, designed to make former meat-eaters forget their troubles. Here's Nick's recipe, including all the nutritive elements:

Broiled turkey livers
Grilled sliced ripe tomatoes
Grilled avocado
Green asparagus tips
French-fried onion rings
Gratined egg plate

The Victory salad, which is something else again, is Nick's answer to the needs of a regular customer like Alice Faye. While working on "The Gang's All Here," Alice kept her weight down with this salad of fresh greens, garnished with sliced turkey and a special French dressing made with mineral oil.

That mineral oil dressing, incidentally, is a Janios headliner. Not only does it

restrict calories for dieting stars, but it also cuts down on scarce fats and oils. Try Nick's recipe on your next salad.

1 quart mineral oil
2 cups lemon juice
1 tablespoon Lea and Perrin sauce
1 tablespoon paprika powder
1 cup catsup
Salt and pepper to taste

It's not fattening, not rationed, and "not bad!"

Mineral oil, Nick has found, is also an excellent substitute for the fats used in cooking vegetables. Nick's even devised a non-fattening dessert, crisp doughnuts cooked in the all-purpose mineral oil. Laird Cregar, ordered to lose weight for his starring rôle in "The Lodger," dropped 60 pounds on a special diet in which all his foods were cooked in it.

Speaking of desserts, fancy and fattening concoctions have almost disappeared from the Café menu. Occasionally Nick offers pie or cake, but more frequently it's fruit jello, sherbet, or this specialty:

FRESH PLUM CAKE

Lay out tart forms with coffee cake dough. Split the plums lengthwise, remove the stones, and place the halves flat side up, in rows. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

* A universal favorite and nutritious appetizer is the Henry King cocktail,

named after the famed director who has just completed "Song of Bernadette." Made with clam juice, catsup, Worcestershire sauce, and horseradish, the cocktail has undergone but one war-time change. Now it's tomato juice instead of catsup.

To take the subject back where it belongs, on the meat situation, Nick's substituted some tremendously popular entrées, rich in protein, vitamin content.

Nick felt mighty sad when he could no longer serve beef stroganoff regularly to Don Ameche, but made up for it with some nutritive dishes dreamed up by the Chinese chef. Now Don orders chicken foo yung, shrimp chop suey, or chow mein with boiled rice. A typical recipe is for Chinese Green Pea Chop Suey:

3 cups diced chicken
4 onions
1 stalk celery
1 can (or fresh) waterchestnuts
1 can bamboo shoots
2 cups (when in shells) green peas
1 pint chicken broth
Season with soy sauce

Sonja Henie carries on in the typical Norwegian fashion, preferring fish as her entrée. You wouldn't miss meat either with a dish like this surrounded by fresh vegetables. It's a special Janios recipe for poached northern white-fish maison:

Poach fish in white wine for 5 minutes.

Cover with a creamed celery sauce.

Cook for 10 minutes; then serve with boiled potatoes.

It has to be something good to satisfy a hearty meat-eater like Dana Andrews, and here's a special that gets Dana's vote every time—Deviled grilled pigs' feet:

Boil pigs' feet till tender, remove bones. Put meat in a shallow mold till firm. Unmold and cut in 2-inch squares 1 inch thick. Dip in mild mustard. Roll in white bread crumbs. Fry to golden brown in mineral oil. Serve with sauerkraut.

Some stars, like Lynn Bari and Carole Landis, like their luncheon concentrated into one of Nick's big salad bowls, and the obliging maître d'hôtel counters with such favorites as these—served, of course, with mineral oil dressing.

PANTRY SPECIAL SALAD

Garden greens, peeled tomato filled with deviled egg, olive, filet of anchovy, asparagus.

COOK'S SALAD

Watercress, romaine, chicory, quartered tomato, stuffed celery with roquefort cheese, diced avocado, diced egg and cucumber.

Yes, Nick's knack of keeping the stars happy and well-fed doesn't fade even in wartime. New problems may arise with new shortages, but he solves them.

Perhaps Nick gives a thought to the fact that his careful planning is no small contribution to winning this war. The more he can conserve, the more food there will be for the liberated countries of Europe, including Greece. And the more helpful suggestions he can offer by way of tempting menus which are not too costly to prepare, the more Mrs. American Housewife—including movie stars—can afford to put into war bonds.



New glamour for you



... with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP. A perfectly blended powder-and-base in one, MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily ... camouflages blemishes ... and gives your complexion a velvety smooth, radiantly fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Try it and see the new glamour it gives you ... see why more women use MINER'S than any other tinted LIQUID POWDER BASE. Six skin-glorifying shades ... 25c & 50c

MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP



Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

says alluring PAT BOYD
"We must be glamorous"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer's 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!" Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What's more, I simply can't risk injury to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, it was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under these severe conditions, *really* did the job—Odorono Cream!"

"The point is, Odorono Cream contains a really effective perspiration-stopper. It simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

"Odorono Cream is safe, too. For both skin and clothes. Even after shaving it is non-irritating—it contains emollients that are actually soothing. And as for delicate fabrics, I've proved that Odorono Cream won't rot them. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like.

"And think of it! Velvety, fragrant Odorono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorant creams. What a saving!

"So to every girl who'd like to be 'Cover-Girl glamorous' ... here's my heartfelt advice: use Odorono Cream. You'll be delighted, I know."



Winsome Pat Boyd





FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS
WOMEN WHO HAVE KNOWN
Maiden Form
BRASSIERES

have appreciated their comfort, fit and long wearing qualities. The ability to stand many launderings without losing their form-preserving qualities is a feature of Maiden Form's brassieres more important in these days of conservation than ever before. Make those you have last longer, for you may not be able to get a replacement at your convenience.

Send for Conservation & Style Folders:
Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc.,
New York 16, N. Y.

DO YOUR
SHARE—
BUY U. S.
WAR BONDS

Maiden Form
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"



Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this system on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of attractive hair that so often captures love and romance. **HAIR MAY GET LONGER** when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send \$1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted. **JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. A-602, Chicago, Ill.**

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Squire Coburn of Hollywood

Continued from page 45

would be the picturesque Southern senator who doesn't know the war is over. Then, to be sure, there would be the quaint college professor, the hard-hearted, skinflint lawyer, the philosophic tavern-keeper, and, finally, Foxy Grandpa who gets drunk in the last reel and does the big apple or whatever the current craze is among juveniles."

"You—you mean you—you're not interested?" the flabbergasted Hollywood representative would sputter.

"Not even remotely, sir! If the day ever comes when I am offered a script I like, I'll sign for the one picture. That one picture will do me for a pretty long time, I'm afraid." And that would be that.

Until the fall of 1937, at any rate. He had just completed his annual summer of stock at the Mohawk Drama Festival—a drama fête organized and directed by Coburn and staged at Union College, Schenectady—and barely checked into his fabulous flat at the famed Players Club when the telephone rang. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was on the wire, and it seems they had a proposition to make.

"A term contract?" Mr. Coburn wanted to know.

"It's a script this time, a script with a part we'd like you to play. If you'll be so kind as to read it over—"

Mr. Coburn said he'd be glad to read it over. It was a little early in the season and as yet he had made no plans. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, tickled pink, promised to send the script right over. It was an opus called "A Family Affair." They hoped he would like it.

The script arrived on schedule, was read, and admired, mainly for the simplicity of the story, the honesty of the narrative, and the true-to-life quality of the characters. Mr. Coburn lost no time in telephoning M-G-M and reporting that he would be honored to play the rôle of *Judge James Kincaid Hardy*, provided, of course, he passed the screen test.

Well, he took the test, was told "we'll let you know," shrugged, forgot the whole business, and was reminded of it dramatically a fortnight later via a telegram from Hollywood advising him that he had passed the test with flying colors and that his presence was earnestly desired on the West Coast at once. The telegram went on to say that the studio had been so pleased with the results of the test that it had decided to make a series of sequels to "A Family Affair," in view of which it was herewith notifying him that it would have to exercise an option on his services for five years, at the very least. Mr. Coburn yawned, wired a terse reply reading: "THANKS, NOTHING DOING," and cast about for more congenial chores, after wondering aloud when, if ever, Hollywood was going to grow up.

He was ankle-deep in plans to revive "Master of the Revels," one of his old smash successes, some six weeks later when the postman rang twice and de-

posited an air mail special delivery packet with a Hollywood postmark in his hands. He opened it. Just as he thought, it was a script, bound in a bright red cover to which was attached a note reading as follows:

Dear Mr. Coburn:

I have only today had the good fortune to inspect the test you made for "A Family Affair," a test so conspicuously promising that I am rushing you this script, "Of Human Hearts," in hopes that you will find the character of Dr. Shingle attractive enough to induce you to come to Hollywood at least long enough to contribute your presence to this one picture.

(Signed) Clarence Brown.

Perhaps it was the pretty red cover, perhaps it was Director Clarence Brown's nice note. At any rate, he read the script immediately, liked it, was smitten with the character of *Dr. Shingle*, and wired Director Brown that it would be a pleasure. Three weeks later he departed for Hollywood to make one picture, inspect Hollywood at close range, and hurry back to his beloved Broadway.

He never came back to Broadway—at least not as an actor. He turned in so rousing a performance as the whiskey-quaffing and humanity-loving medico, *Dr. Shingle*, that he was swamped with offers from every studio in town. They showered him with scripts. He did three more pictures before he came up for air: "Lord Jeff," "Yellow Jack," and "Vivacious Lady." After that Hollywood wouldn't let him go.

Six years have passed since the *Hardy Family* transformed an eminent stage star into an even more eminent picture player, a player whose fee of \$7500 a week and a minimum guarantee of six weeks is paid by studios not only without quibbling but with a feeling of gratitude at snagging Coburn at any price.

He still loves the stage, but he has become mighty fond of Hollywood, a little too fond to leave.

"At the close of the first day's shooting I was certain I was going to hate the place," he tells you today, a fifty-cent stogie jutting from the port side of his mouth, the flame long since extinguished. "The very first day they woke me up at 5:30 A.M. which was the earliest I had been up since I had been up that late. On the set, I was taken in tow by two business-like young ladies who put kinks in my hair with curling irons, after which I waited all day before being called to stand in a crowd scene where villagers gathered to watch a boat come in. When the 'rushes' of the day's work were run and I could barely recognize the top of my head, I began counting the days until I was shed of Hollywood. Now look at me, a contented Hollywood squire ready to leap to Hollywood's defense at the mere raising of an eyebrow."

Squire Coburn of Hollywood is a tall, portly, and distinguishedly gentle-

man whose alertness, agility, and vitality belie his 65 years. In the realm of the Viennese waltz he bows to nobody in Hollywood, and the involutions of the tango, rhumba, and samba are mere child's play to him. Too busy to participate in Hollywood night life, he does make an occasional sortie and has himself a grand time. True lovers of the dance, observing Mr. Coburn's wonderful rhythms and intricate steps, pause in their operations to look on admiringly and often enviously.

"Mr. Coburn is the kind of gentleman that every girl is secretly in love with," says that charmer and sage, Maria Montez. "One of these days he and I are going to cut a rug together—a big one." Maria adds with a twinkle.

In appearance the very stencil of a prominent successful elderly professional man, he dresses more like a boulevardier than anything else. Even after six years, haberdashery clerks continue to register amazement when Mr. Coburn walks in and asks to be shown the sporty shirts in the window.

"What size, Mr. Coburn?" they inquire.

"You know my size," Mr. Coburn comes back wearily.

"Oh, it's for you!" And they do a double-take.

A man of tremendous energy, he drives hard at his work. After a day at the studio, he will put in half the night at his desk. There are scripts to go through, countless books on the theater to keep up with, a prodigious amount of correspondence to attend to, an autobiography to plug away at.

"There'll be lots of time for sleeping when I retire," he tells his man servant, Lucas, a devoted Negro, who sometimes has to remind him that it's getting on to three o'clock and time he was getting to bed.

It's a long way from Hollywood, California, to Savannah, Georgia, where bemonocled Charles Coburn, who is so often mistaken for an Englishman, had his beginnings. Scion of a noted musical family (his grandfather invented the square violin and established the first musical conservatory in Georgia, his father taught music and conducted a symphony orchestra, his mother was a talented singer, and his sister travelled as accompanist to Louise Homer, the opera star), he was scheduled to become a noted violinist, himself. By the time he was twelve, his teacher was ready to make book that Coburn pere's dreams for his favorite son would never materialize due, mainly, to a remarkable disinterest on the part of the pupil for practising the required four hours a day. The elder Coburn, hearing the ominous rumbling, made an investigation. His son and heir, he discovered, was a hopeless addict of bicycle racing, a craze that was beginning to sweep the country back in the early '90's.

There is no point in goading genius. The head of the house merely looked on and prayed. But not hard enough, apparently.

Young Coburn, tall, lean, lithe, and 15, was loitering in front of the illustrious Savannah Theater when the manager of the theater came streaming out, a bit

"HAVE YOU A PROBLEM SKIN?"

PIMPLES?



ROUGH, IRRITATED SKIN?



RED, CHAPPED HANDS?



Read how thousands help heal these skin troubles

•If you've been shocked to see rough blotches and pimples develop—hands turn rough and red, just remember, today, with everybody doing harder work—skin troubles are on the increase! If these troubles are making you miserable, try Noxzema. This greaseless, snow-white cream is a *medicated formula*. It not only soothes, but *helps heal* externally-caused pimples and skin irritations. Get Noxzema at any drug counter today! 35¢, 50¢ and \$1.

*Externally-caused.

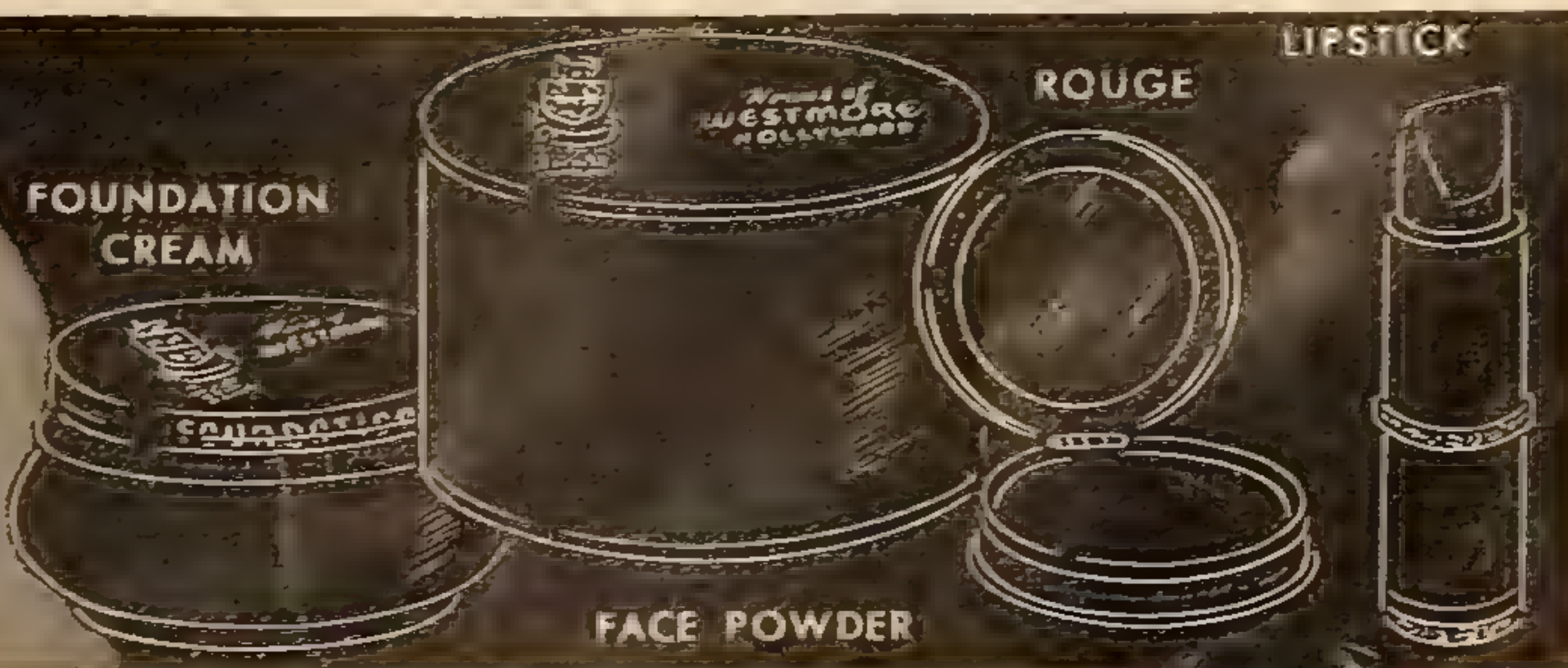


For Beauty

YOU CANNOT BEAT THESE

MARY MARTIN in "TRUE TO LIFE"

—a Paramount Picture



Originally created by the Westmores for a select group of Hollywood stars, House of Westmore Cosmetics are now available to you at good toilet goods counters everywhere.

Particularly outstanding is Westmore foundation cream. It will never give you an artificial masked look. It does not cause dry skin. Made with lanolin, it will help keep your skin smooth and soft. It effectively hides minor skin faults, and will give you a fresh, glamorous look without constant re-powdering.

House of Westmore Cosmetics come in 25c and 50c sizes. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.



House of
WESTMORE COSMETICS

Wally Westmore, Director
of Makeup at Paramount
Studios in Hollywood

Relieve

ALL THREE KINDS OF
MENSTRUAL DISCOMFORT

with

Midol

CRAMPS—Functional spasmodic pain usually yields swiftly to Midol, for an exclusive ingredient relaxes and relieves!

HEADACHE—A second ingredient acts against menstrual headache, soothes it fast while Midol provides other help.

DEPRESSION—Midol contains a third ingredient, a mild stimulant, for a quicker come-back from "dreaded days" blues!

If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical care, Midol should help you as it has helped millions. Ask for it at any drugstore. Midol contains no opiates.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Relieves Functional Menstrual Suffering



Meet your favorite
Movie star

all original photos of your favorite stars and scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays, size 8x10 glossy prints, 4 for \$1.00, 12 for \$2.50. Positively the finest obtainable anywhere. We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or play you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c and 3c stamps.

Bram Studio—Studio 489
306 West 44th St., New York City

SONGWRITERS

If you're really interested in songwriting, you should write for our free booklet. It explains our splendid service plan which new writers praise so highly. Let us help you as we have helped others. Write today for FREE INSPIRING BOOKLET.
ALLIED MUSIC CO., Dept. 10, 204 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio



harried-looking. Spotting the young bucko lolling around and admiring the posters out in front, he approached him with a request. Would the young man be so kind as to hop on his bike (racing model), streak for the local printer's, and return with some programs that should have been delivered hours ago? Glad to accommodate, young Coburn ran the errand, delivered the programs to a grateful manager, and was offered on the spot the job of program boy. He took it.

Of such seeming trifles are careers made. Program boy at 13, usher at 14, ticket-taker at 16, and boss of the box office at 18, he had barely turned 19 when he was appointed manager of the celebrated theater, a job which brought him up against the theater's great: Richard Mansfield, Modjeska, Henry Irving, Ada Rehan, Nat Goodwin and the rest. Eight months of this and he knew what he wanted. He wanted to become an actor. Mind made up, he packed a carpet bag and headed for New York.

It wasn't easy getting started. Nobody wanted a green actor fresh from Savannah whose trademark was a rich Georgia drawl. He did a trick at wrapping bundles in a department store, at professional bicycle racing, ushering at a nickelodeon, sidewalk vending, and heaven alone knows what all else.

The chances are 50-50 that the closest Charles Coburn would ever have come to the theater is the post of head usher were it not for a telegram that arrived during an all-time spiritual low. The telegram was from a trouper he had befriended when he was manager of the Savannah Theater. The telegram offered him a job as press agent for an act involving a pair of song-and-dance twins. He snapped it up, hoping it would lead to something else. It did.

He had dropped by the office of a booking-agent pal of his when a man with a blazing diamond stickpin collared him.

"You're the type of actor I'm looking for," he said. "How would you like to do a season of stock in St. Louis?"

"I wouldn't mind it at all," Coburn said. They signed the papers on the spot.

His debut as an actor was a signal success. The very next year he made his first appearance in New York. The play was a stinker, but Coburn stood out. From then on out he was a marked man in the theater.

He was doing a season of Shakespeare when the troupe got stranded in upstate New York. For want of something to do, he began noticing his leading lady. To his delight and amazement, he found her beautiful, witty, gentle, inspiring, talented, and understanding. Why didn't he marry her? He did. The two formed a partnership that was not dissolved until her death thirty years later. She played opposite him, shared his managerial duties after he turned producer, and together with him conceived the idea of the Mohawk Drama Festival already mentioned.

With the new Mrs. Coburn he descended on Broadway prepared to take it over. He just about did. He produced "The Yellow Jacket" with his last \$5000 and made a miniature fortune. He revived the classics and demonstrated that people would pay money to see them. He staged "The Better 'Ole," the favorite war play of World War Number One (after every other producer had passed it up) and cleared a quarter of a million with Mrs. Coburn in the rôle of *Victoire*, the French cutie. For the next two decades they made annual coast-to-coast tours appearing in scores of plays and being acclaimed everywhere they went. In 1937 came the Mohawk Drama Festival in which he appeared as producer-director-actor, along with such players as Beulah Bondi, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dennis King, Jean Muir, Sally Eilers, and Nancy Coleman. He had just checked into his fabulous flat at the Players Club when the telephone rang. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was on the line. It seems they had a wonderful script they wanted him to read, a script called "A Family Affair" and involving a certain *Judge Hardy*.

But we've gone all over that.

Get Hep to Van

Continued from page 39

around taking bows like a little Mussolini. When I think about it today, however, I'm not so sure but what those hysterics were due to wild, uncontrollable laughter."

When Van went to high school his father decided to take a hand in his bringing up. So he dropped out of dancing school and stopped taking violin lessons. "But the ham was already deeply planted in me," says Van. "I slid through math and Latin and history by the skin of my teeth. But in the dramatic department I was a shining light. I did a lot of song and dance routines in blackface at minstrel shows which were given in the Masonic halls around Rhode Island, and in the summertime I sang at county fairs and strawberry festivals given by the church.

My tender rendition of *My Wild Irish Rose* was a cinch to bring me in all the angel food cake and strawberry ice cream I could possibly stuff."

Following his graduation from high school Van worked for his father, a well known realtor in Newport, as stenographer and bookkeeper. After a year of this he gathered up courage to tackle Broadway. When he told his father about his plans, Mr. Johnson, who considered the theater just a lot of fiddle-faddle, sourly said, "You'll be back in a week." That, of course, made Van more determined than ever to stick it out. Father Johnson did not come across with any dough. Van was strictly on his own. He worked up a good hearty dislike of Newport in those days because every time he announced enthusi-

In a SLIP it's
"GOOD BEHAVIOR"
 that counts



If your store is out of your favorite Good Behavior Slip, ask to see their other MOVIE STAR Styles. They all behave well! —

movie Star slips

159 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dept. H

ABOUT \$1.39

POEMS WANTED
 For Musical Setting
 Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. DON'T DELAY—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and **FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY**.

RICHARD BROTHERS 28 WOODS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.

GUARD YOUR NAILS WITH SEAL-COTE



Busy hands deserve protection for beauty's sake. More and more smart women are finding SEAL-COTE an amazing beauty aid. SEAL-COTE protects the nails and the polish—adds lustre! Make your manicures last longer—"SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day."

SEAL-COTE

For generous sample, clip this ad and send with 15c to cover mailing. Seal-Cote Co., 759 Seward, Hollywood, Calif.

SEAL-COTE
 25c at Cosmetic Counters

astically to his school chums that he intended going to New York and becoming an actor they would break into loud guffaws, and scream derisively, "You—an actor? Don't be silly. Hey, Louise, come get a load of Van Barrymore."

That hurt. It still does. "You'd be surprised how many of them write me letters now, and invariably their letters start, 'Dear Van, I always knew you had it in you to be an actor. . . .'"

In New York Van got his first job at the Cherry Lane Theater, down in Greenwich Village, where so many ambitious kids start—and often finish. (A few weeks ago Van met Jennifer "Bernadette" Jones and her husband Robert Walker, recently signed by Metro, at a party in Hollywood, and they quickly discovered that they had been working at the Cherry Lane at the same time, and living next door to each other in the Village. No one said, "It's a small world.")

Van was supposed to get fifteen dollars a week at the Cherry Lane. But only one week of the seven he was there did he get paid. He decided it was time to go uptown. After haunting booking offices for several months, and getting thinner by the day, he finally signed up with a dancing unit of ten boys and girls and went on a tour of tank towns in the East. "I got paid thirty bucks a week. And for the first time in weeks I ate regularly."

Back in New York—it was 1937 then—he got a job in "New Faces," a young folks' revue that ran nine months at the Vanderbilt. Van was paid forty iron men every week to make with the songs and dances. It was his first "big money" and he promptly bought himself a snappy new outfit. Van has a weakness for clothes. "I consider clothes an investment," he says in half apology.

When "New Faces" closed there followed a period of no work. Then he got a contract at the Roxy Theater to do five shows a day with the Gae Foster girls. While at the Roxy he met Buster West and Lucille Page, and soon afterward, when West wanted a new straight man, he signed Van for a year. It was Van's best break. They played good theaters and he was paid seventy-five dollars a week. Van had the spot on him while he sang, *September in the Rain*, he learned to *ad lib* to keep up with Buster, and he danced with Lucille. But all good things come to an end. Lucille decided to have a baby. And Van went job hunting again.

It was the beginning of a long hot summer, and booking offices didn't even bother to stay open until noon. The best thing Van could get was a nine-dollar-a-week job at Swan's Lake in the Catskills, and he signed up for the summer. If you read, or saw on stage or screen, Arthur Kober's "Having a Wonderful Time" you know all about Swan's Lake. Van got his room and board free, and for the nine weekly smackers he had to be the sports director in the daytime, and master of ceremonies at nights when they put on vaudeville acts. He also produced, and sang, such goodies as "The Mikado" and "Pinafore." When the entertainment was over at night Van



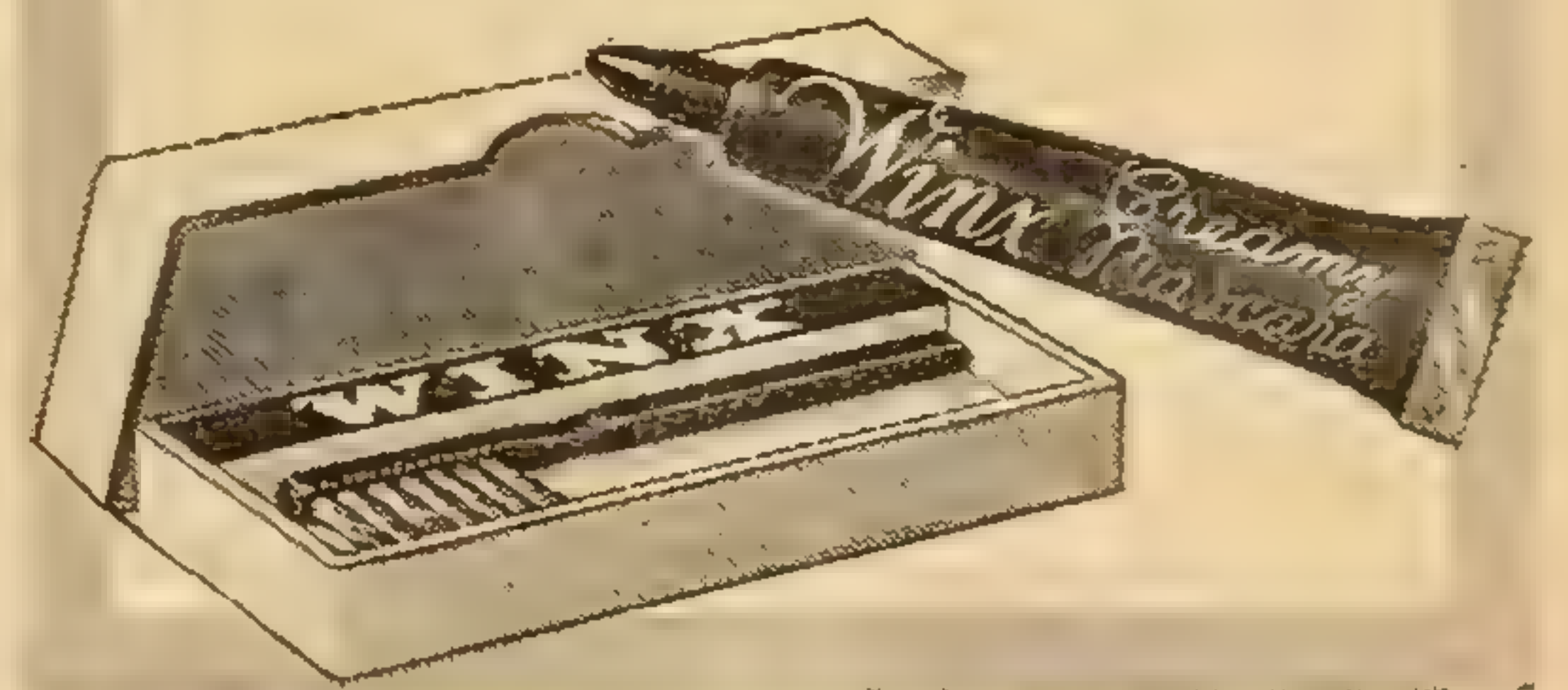
Eyes RIGHT!
 for Romance

Eyes are always right when you use WINX.

WINX brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance—gives you a new, fascinating loveliness. Try WINX today.

WINX Mascara (either solid or creamy) makes lashes appear darker, longer, more luxuriant. For complete eye make-up use WINX Eyebrow Pencil and WINX Eye Shadow. All are water-resistant, easy to use. Insist on WINX for finer quality. At drug, department or 10¢ stores.

Winx
 FOR LOVELY EYES



WOMEN in FUNCTIONAL DISTRESS

1943 MAY 1943

DUE TO COLDS, WORRY, FEAR, ETC.

Use **SAXON'S** PERIODIC MEDICINE

\$2.00 A BOX POST PAID

3 BOXES \$5.00 C.O.D. POSTAGE EXTRA

SAXON PRODUCTS, Dept. 19
 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

Special Delivery Service

***SONG POEMS WANTED**
 To Be Set to Music


*Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. **PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.**

***FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS**, 605 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass

Makes All-Day Standing Easy On Your Feet

If you are on your feet all day—walking the floor or standing in front of a machine—just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes every morning. This soothing powder really brings quick relief from the discomfort of tired, burning feet. When feet tend to swell and shoes feel pinched from all day standing, try Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve this congestion. Also acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevent offensive foot odors. If you want real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease—the easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

REDUCE with V-TABS!



**Anti-Acid
Anti-Fatigue . .
Vitamin Tablets**

NOT A CATHARTIC
Quick, harmless loss of fat is at last possible without starvation diets, exercises or cathartics! The new V-TAB method gives you a lovely figure by normalizing your body. V-TABS are delightful to take and packed with Vitamins and health-building calcium. In a short time, you will find you have less FAT, less acidity, and more energy!

NO Starvation—NO Exercises!

Instead of starving yourself and thus denying your body the necessary vitamins, V-TABS give you extra Vitamins that are so often lacking. This different and effective way of reducing excess fat by neutralizing acidity and building up energy is as successful as it is revolutionary. You will be astonished at your improvement.

HAVE A LOVELY FIGURE!

You owe it to yourself to keep young-looking and glamorous. There is no need to lose your allure just because ugly fat has settled in awkward spots. Simply take V-TABS, as directed and limit your lunch to V-TABS and fruit and you will be amazed at results!

Get V-TABS at your druggist's today! If he does not have them in stock, send coupon below for introductory package. Simply send \$1.98 or order C.O.D., plus postage. Try them for one month at our expense! Take the full supply according to directions, then, if you are not delighted with results, return the empty box and we will refund your \$1.98 and the test will have cost you nothing. For more beauty and glamour, mail the coupon NOW!

V-TAB COMPANY, Dept. SU-1, 11 W. 42nd St., New York

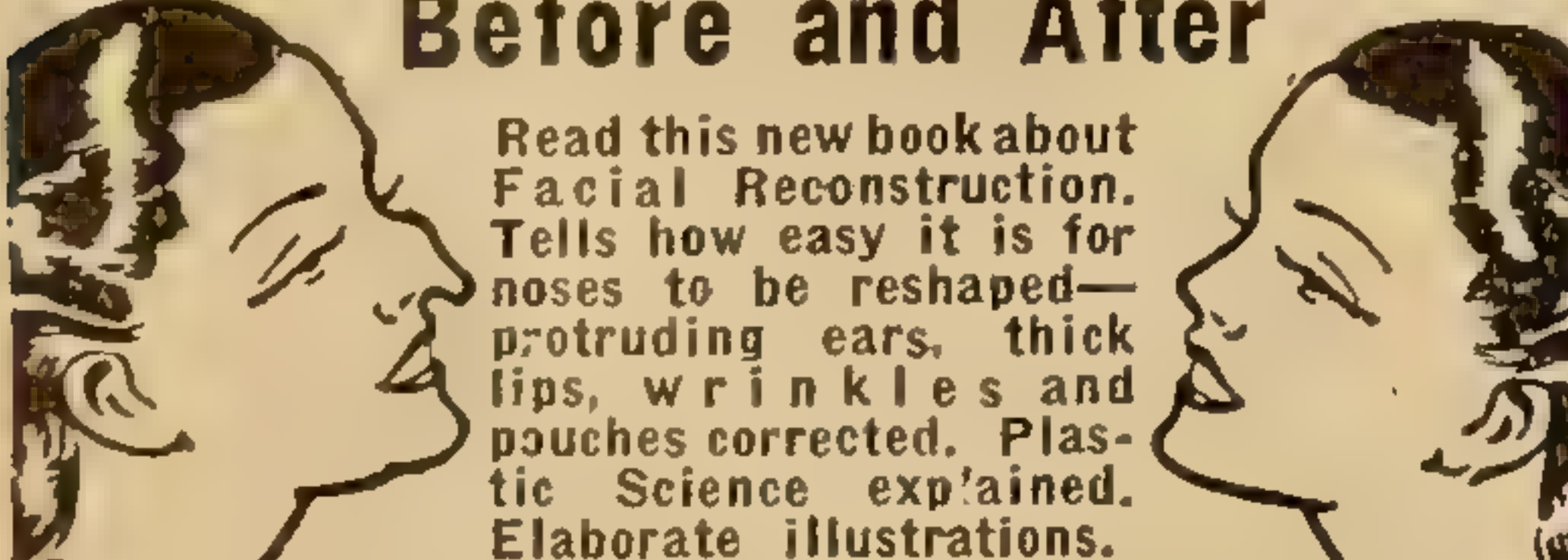
MONEY BACK AGREEMENT

V-TAB CO., Dept. SU-1, 11 W. 42nd St., New York
Send me one month's introductory supply of V-TABS (120 tablets).

- ☐ I enclose \$1.98.
☐ I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

Name
Address
City State
My druggist is
Please print plainly. No Canadian orders.

Before and After



Read this new book about Facial Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be reshaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles and pouches corrected. Plastic Science explained. Elaborate illustrations.

125 Pages. Only 25c—mail coin or stamp to Glennville Publishers, 313 Madison Ave., (Dept. CD) N. Y. C.

REAL COMPOSER OF MUSIC WILL CO-OPERATE WITH LYRIC WRITERS IN SONG PRODUCTION. FINE PUBLICATION PROPOSITION.
Recordings Made, Copyrights secured. Write Now.
C. Isabel Mayer, Spirit Lake, Iowa

Give Your Feet An Ice-Mint Treat

Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step

Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't moan about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint driving out fiery burning . . . aching tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

was then supposed to wash the make-up off and come out and dance with the paying guests. When the camp closed, after Labor Day, he returned to New York, and soon joined up with a smart vaudeville act called "Eight Men of Manhattan." The act played the swank Rainbow Room, and it was here that Van met Mary Martin, the rage of New York that year, who was bringing in the after-theater crowd in droves with her famous *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* song. Mary was the first big-time actress who encouraged Van. "You ought to be in movies, honey," she told him in her friendly Texas drawl. "I've got to do something about you. You're wasting your time in this act. I'm going to get you an agent." Mary definitely planted the picture bug in Van's brain. He started going to the movies every chance he had. He became an avid movie fan. Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy were his favorites.

While he was being sleek and chic at the Rainbow Room, Van heard that George Abbott was casting "Too Many Girls." He made three efforts to get a part in the show as a college boy, but three times he was turned down as "not the type." But finally he got the thankless and difficult job of understudy to the male leads at forty dollars a week. Van was very faithful about being on hand every night, but the male leads were frightfully healthy. One night he felt simply awful. His head was splitting open and his throat felt as if it had been hanging on a nail in the meat market. Van called the stage manager at the theater to tell him he wouldn't be sitting around in the wings that night, not that it mattered, he was sure. "Oh, it's you, Johnson," said the stage manager happily. "I've been looking for your phone number. Dick Kollmar's sick. Can't go on tonight. You're to take his place." Van forgot all about his head and throat and was in the theater in nothing flat. From then on things started coming his way. Eddie Bracken left for Hollywood and Van got his part. Dick Kollmar (married to Dorothy Killgallen) didn't want to go on the road, so Van took the show on the road at \$150 a week. And bought some new clothes. "Now," he thought, "I can get a Broadway lead."

Next year he was in the chorus again. Of a musical called "Pal Joey" that was cleaning up at the box office. He started as a hoofer in the back line, but gradually, again, things started coming his way. First he got a chance to sing the reprise of Gene Kelly's song. Then he had a chance to dance with June Havoc. "You're too good for hoofing, big boy," announced Miss Havoc, and the next thing Van knew lines were being tossed his way. One night to his amazement Bill Grady, Metro talent scout, appeared at his dressing room door, and suggested that he go to Hollywood and work for Leo the Lion. But Van was having his first taste of New York success, and it tasted mighty good. "I'd rather get a name on Broadway before I tackle Hollywood," he informed Mr. Grady. "Pal Joey" had a long sensational run, and gradually talent scouts from all the studios made their way around to the

With FALSE TEETH



Use
EZO
Dental
Cushions

A Comforting Aid for Lower Plate Users

- Relieves sore spots on tender gums.
- Stops lower plate from raising and clicking.
- Prevents seeds from lodging under plate.
- Makes plate fit snugger.
- Helps you wear and become accustomed to new plates.
- Enables you to eat meat, tomatoes, pears, celery.

Is not a powder, is not a paste, will not stick to plate.

NO STAMPS PLEASE

Send 50c for 10 EZO Dental Cushions
EZO PRODUCTS COMPANY
Box No. 9306, Dept. B-3, Phila. 39, Pa.

Asthma Mucus Loosened First Day For Thousands of Sufferers

Choking, gasping, wheezing spasms of Bronchial Asthma ruin sleep and energy. Ingredients in the prescription **Mendaco** quickly circulate through the blood and commonly help loosen the thick strangling mucus the first day, thus aiding nature in palliating the terrible recurring choking spasms, and in promoting freer breathing and restful sleep. **Mendaco** is not a smoke, dope, or injection. Just pleasant, tasteless palliating tablets that have helped thousands of sufferers. Iron clad guarantee—money back unless completely satisfactory. Ask your druggist for **Mendaco** today.

SONG POEMS

or melody writers! Write for my amazing, convincing composing offer. (4) of my songs alone sold over HALF MILLION RECORDS. RAY HIBBELER, C-14, 2157 N. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BUILD FOR TOMORROW!

Like most Americans, you have probably dreamed of building a home of your own . . . Save your money NOW in WAR BONDS that return (at maturity) \$4 for every \$3 you invest.

BUY WAR BONDS!!!

ITCH CHECKED In A Jiffy



Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription**.

FALSE TEETH 7th YEAR

We make FALSE TEETH for you from your own impressions in strict accordance with new U. S. Law.

LOW AS **995**

60 DAY TRIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION protects you.



SEND NO MONEY Write TODAY for FREE Booklet and Material.

J. B. CLEVELAND DENTAL PLATE CO.
Dept. 31-T3 East St. Louis, Illinois

stage door. Gene Kelly signed, and so did June Havoc, but Mr. Johnson was being dreamy.

"Then the show closed," said Van with a grimace, "and nobody wanted me." He went back to Newport to visit his father (his mother had remarried) and suddenly became so frightened that he might settle down to real estate that when his agent telephoned him that Warner Brothers had nibbled again, Van took the fastest train to the Coast. "For six weeks I sat at the hotel and waited for the studio to call me. They sent my checks over, but wanted no part of me. Finally they put me in a picture that I'd rather forget. When I got a look at my puss I said to myself, 'What a stupe I am to waste my time here. I'm going back to New York and try again.' It was okay with Warners. Well, I was all packed to go when I ran into Lucille Ball at Chasen's one night. I was tearing into a steak and telling her all my troubles when Bill Grady dropped by the table. 'If you'd come to me in the first place instead of being so hard to get you'd have been a star by now,' said Bill consolingly. 'But come on out anyway.' I had no intention of going—I thought he was kidding—but Lucille drove me out to the gate the next morning, and pushed me through it."

Van's first appearance at Metro was in a "Crime Doesn't Pay" short, and they dyed his hair black, pasted on sideburns and made him look like a Cuban. Then they put him into a sequence in "Somewhere I'll Find You" where he had to do a scene with his idol, Clark Gable, which nearly scared the daylights out of him. In the trench sequence of this picture he met Keenan Wynn, Ed Wynn's son, who has since become his best friend in Hollywood. Keenan and his attractive young wife were with Van the night of his almost fatal accident. In "The War Against Mrs. Hadley" he was given his first real part. Quickly followed by "Pilot #5" and "The Human Comedy" and two *Dr. Gillespie* pictures.

When Metro saw the fan mail piling in, and further discovered that they had a real honest-to-goodness actor under contract they gave him the second male lead in one of their most important pictures of 1943, "A Guy Named Joe," starring Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy.

"A Guy Named Joe" had only been in production a few weeks. Van—who thinks Tracy is perfection itself and likes nothing better than to be referred to as "a second Spencer Tracy"—had lured the studio into showing him and the Wynns Spence's last picture, "Keeper of the Flame," in one of the projection rooms. They were leaving for the studio around eight o'clock in Van's car. Van made the boulevard stop a few blocks from the studio, and was crossing the intersection, when out of the dim-out, like a bat out of hell, came a flivver traveling at such speed that it tore into the heavier car, spinning it completely around and turning it over. Keenan was unhurt, but Mrs. Wynn's back was badly wrenched. Both the windshield and the top of the car had come into contact with Van's poor head. Van remembers

lifting his hand to his head—"the blood was pouring into my eyes blinding me, and I could feel my brains hanging out from the crack in my head. But even at a time like that I was a ham. My face, I kept muttering to myself, my face is my living. If I can't make pictures any more I don't want to live." He spent forty-five minutes in the gutter before the ambulance arrived, and when it did it was a Black Maria that took them to the police station.

In the meantime the studio had been notified and Metro saw to it that Van received the best of care. Van feels that he owes his life to Dr. Wm. Branch. "No one ever looked as beautiful to me as Dr. Branch when I saw him at the hospital. Suddenly I knew that my face would be all right and some day I'd make pictures again. And I guess I felt the will to live when I saw Victor Fleming bending over me, and heard him whispering in my ear, 'Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy are waiting for you to finish the picture, Van. They won't let anyone else have your part.'"

When he was able to leave the hospital Van was moved to the Wynn home in Brentwood where he is convalescing in the California sunshine. His hair, which was completely shaved, is growing out again and will soon cover the deep gash in the back of his head. His forehead has been neatly patched and in time he has every reason to believe the scars will disappear entirely. He's raring to make pictures again. It worries him that the studio has had to hold up production so long on "A Guy Named Joe." But he's going to make up for it by giving the best performance it's in his power to give.

Van's far more interested these days in that interrupted career than he is in girls. He's done all right in the girl department in the past—when he first came to Hollywood he went with June Havoc whom he had known in New York. Then he went with Joan Crawford before she became engaged to Phillip Terry. And he went with Judy Garland after she had separated from Dave Rose. He saw quite a bit of Betty Grable after she broke off with George Raft, and before his accident. He's a little cynical about marriage. Anyway, the coast is clear, girls.

Beautify Your FORM Contour

Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same . . . safely, easily and positively.

HIGHLY ENDORSED BY MANY DOCTORS

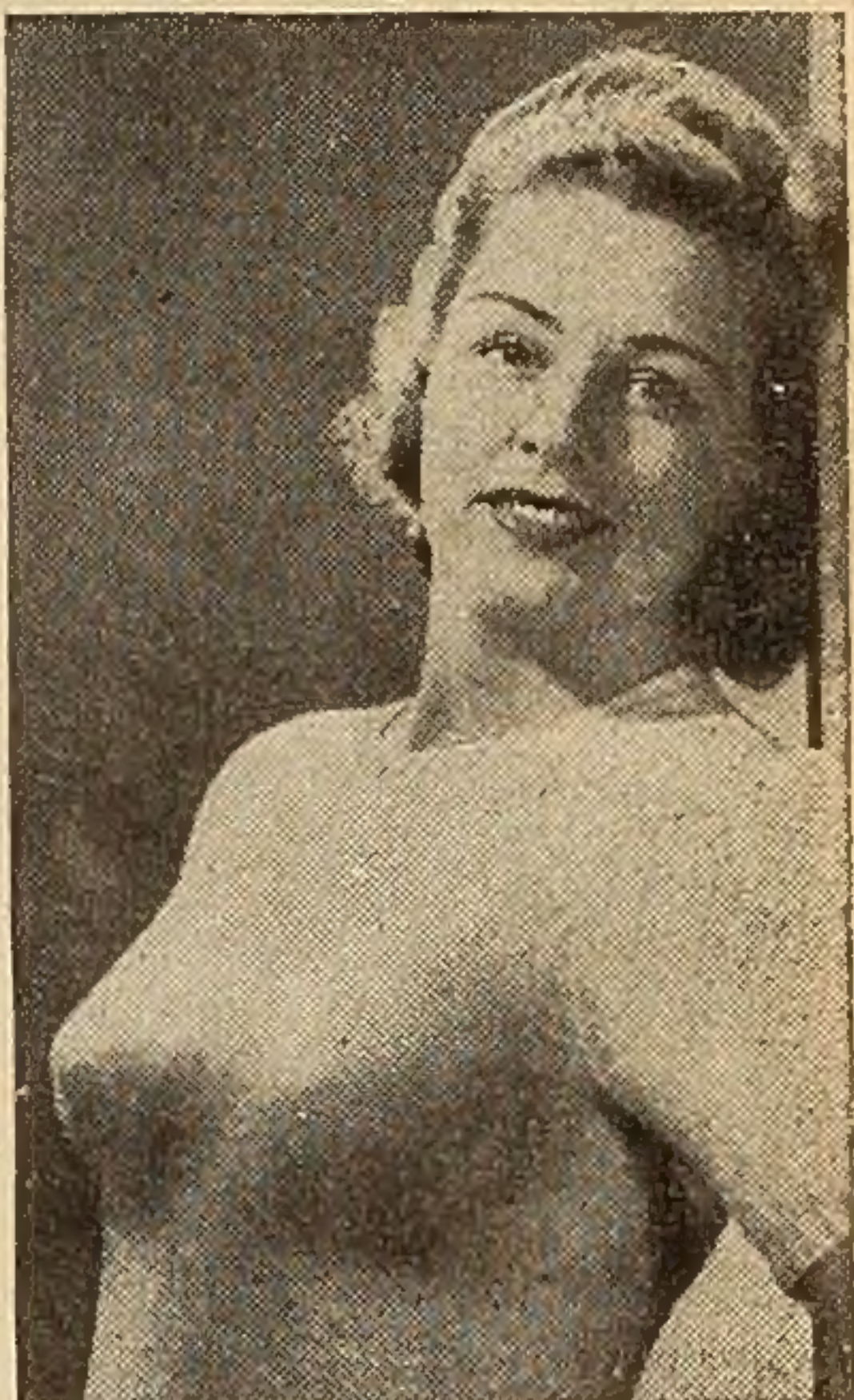
Your flat bustline can be miraculously beautified into full and alluring contours. Or, if you are the pendulous type, it can be rounded into high and youthful loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, massage, brassieres, diet, etc., given in the great medically-endorsed book, "The Complete Guide to Bust Culture." Adopt these simple, self-help measures at once and your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely . . . the proud glamorous curves which make you more desirable than ever.

OUR OFFER SEND NO MONEY

You can now obtain this unique, book by A. F. Niemöller, A.B., M.A., B.S., at a remarkable price reduction. Formerly \$3.50. Now only \$1.98. Guaranteed harmless. Amazing lifetime results. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon now.

HARVEST HOUSE, 50 West 17th St., Dept. P-316, New York Send the COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my \$1.98 will be refunded.

Name Address ☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage. Enclose \$1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid. Canadian orders \$2.50 in advance.



BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR . . AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

• Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

CAN YOU SING?

Are you interested in a career, either in radio, on the stage, with an orchestra, or as a concert or grand opera star? Then by all means send today for complete information on how you can receive the famous Norman Kling training which has helped to success such stars as Barry Wood, Ethel Shutta, Buddy Moreno, Horace Heidt and many others. No matter where you live or how little you can afford, this same method of training is available to you. Don't delay. . . . Write today for full details . . . sent to you free and without obligation.

NORMAN KLING
Fine Arts Bldg. Dept. 14. Chicago 5, Ill.

CRAMPS?

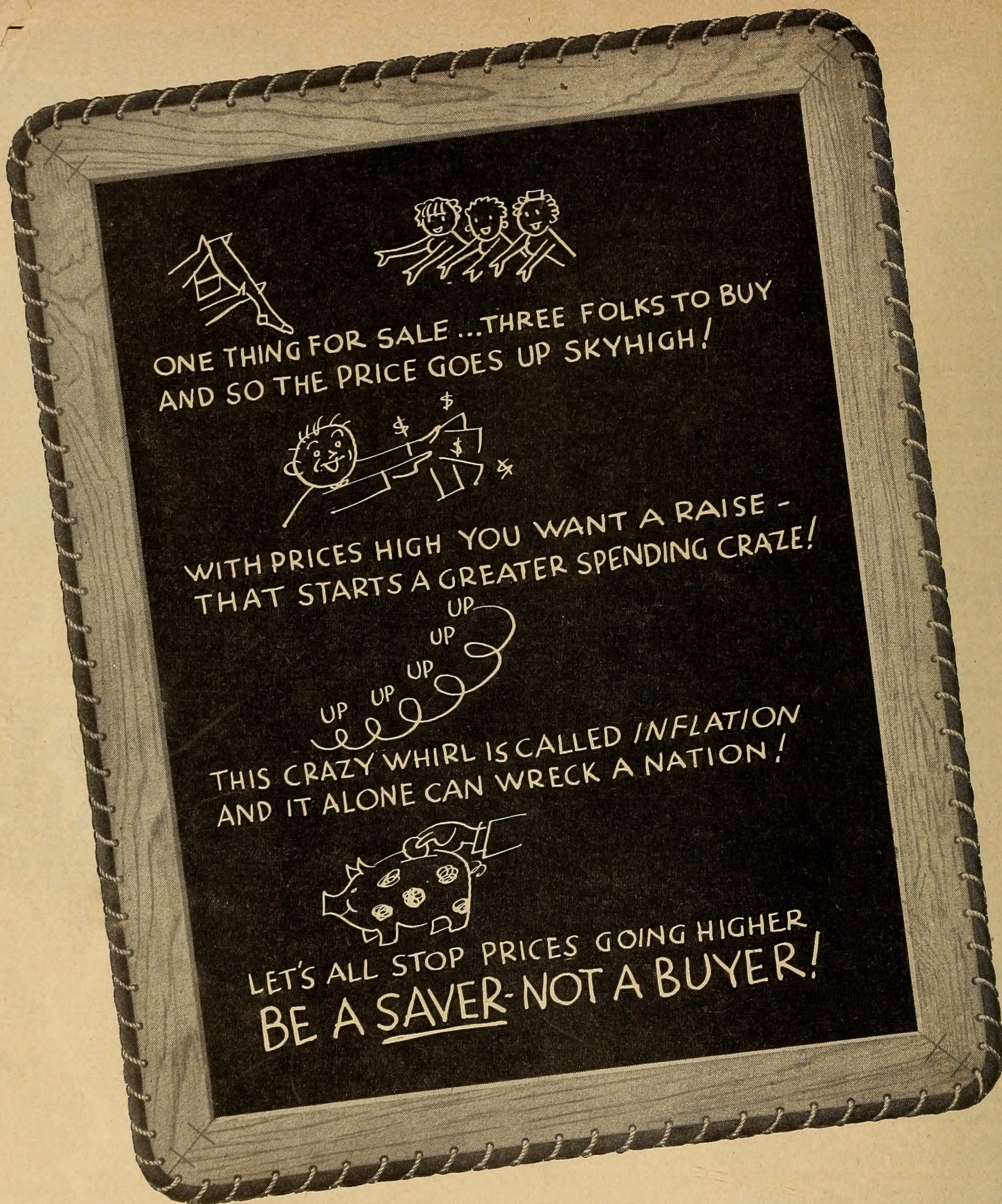
Curb them each month with — **Kurb**

KOTEX PRODUCT

COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

12 tablets Kurb

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Seven things you should do:

1. Buy only what you really need	2. Pay no more than ceiling prices... buy rationed goods <u>only</u> with stamps	3. Pay off old debts and avoid making new ones	4. Support higher taxes ...pay them willingly	5. Provide for the future with adequate life insurance and savings	6. Don't ask more money for goods you sell or work you do	7. Buy all the War Bonds you can afford - and keep them
----------------------------------	--	--	---	--	---	---

Keep prices down...use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.



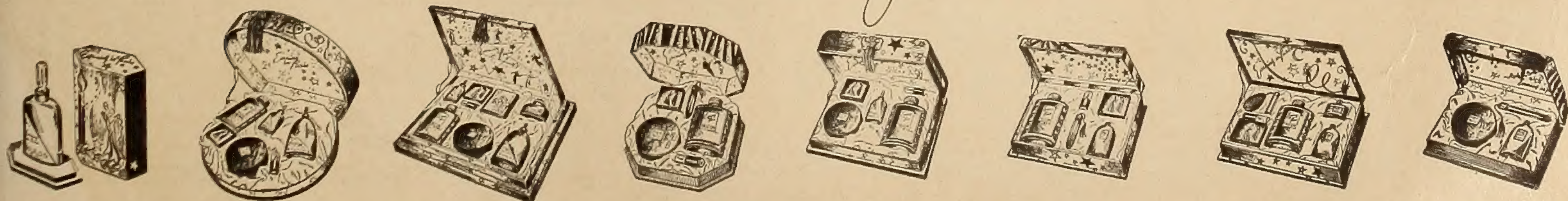
To Ellen—with Love!

One girl loves a soldier . . .
 one loves a sailor . . . one loves
 a lad in the Marines. But, they all
 adore the gift which says,
 "You're first in my heart."

Typical of the gorgeous
Evening in Paris gift sets.
 Set illustrated sells at
 \$2.95 plus tax.



Evening in Paris **BOURJOIS**



Evening in Paris gift sets to thrill her heart . . . and priced to suit every pocketbook . . . \$1.00 to \$15.00 (all prices plus tax)

Smart war co-eds choose their favorite *Cutex* nail shades



DOLORES CONOR, Duke '44, taking the Accelerated Program and a COG in the wheel of victory—says: "For excitement give me Cutex **BLACK RED!** It's tops in smartness. Yet I don't have to pay a luxury price for it."



DIANA HAUCKE, Syracuse '44, toughens up for her pre-med course, plus lab, First Aid and air-raid defense! Says: "I'll take Cutex **OFF DUTY**—it's so smart and subtracts only 10¢ from my wartime college budget."



ANNE BURKHART, University of Texas '45, voted Sweetheart of its Engineering School, helps serve her country in the air. "I choose Cutex **ALERT**," she says. "It's so gay and flattering and goes with everything I own."

NAN WHEDON, Stanford University '44, active in the land army—really makes hay! Says: "Every minute must count. That's why I love Cutex **YOUNG RED**... swell color, goes on fast, stays on—and on! Really, it's wonderful."



JEAN BROOKS, Hospital Aide and Junior at Northwestern University, says: "I adore Cutex **ON DUTY**. It's such a soft shade—perfect with my uniform and pretty with campus clothes. I save money on it, too, for War Stamps."



ELIZABETH DUFFY, Missouri '46, is a Hostess Captain at the University's canteen for service men—chooses Cutex **SHEER NATURAL** because, "In it, my hands look well-groomed and feminine no matter how busy I am."



Save your Cutex bottle tops and brushes. They may be scarce.

only 10¢
(plus tax)

More Women



choose

Cutex

than any other nail polish in the world